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Saturday Review

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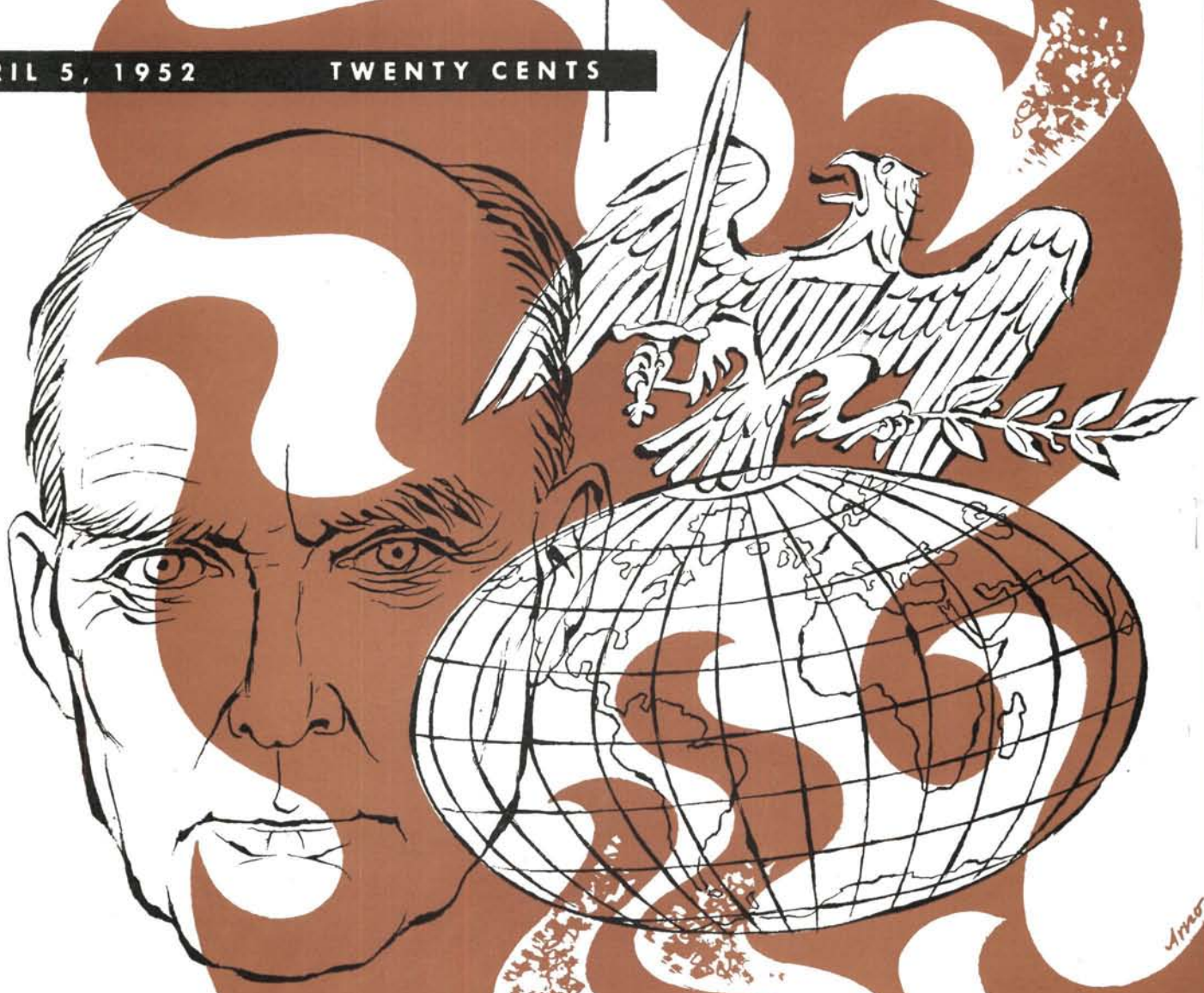
By GORHAM MUNSON



Reinhold Niebuhr, author of "The Irony of American History." (See page 11)

Mankind from a New Summit

Writing History with a Global Slant

By RALPH E. TURNER

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New Yorkers:

Don't miss "Inside Our Schools"—the series of TV programs which Amy Loveman wrote about on the *Saturday Review's* editorial page last week (and about which she said: "An experiment of potentially far-reaching importance. It deserves the attention of all who are interested in education and in youth").

• • •

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 5, 1952

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Good News

▸ A military evacuation plane with fifty-eight patients aboard crashed recently during a take-off in Tokyo. Quick action by the pilot, crash crews, and three flight nurses saved the passengers from death or serious injury. Twenty-seven of the patients were litter cases. Within three hours all patients except two slightly hurt in the crash were en route to Hawaii aboard another plane.

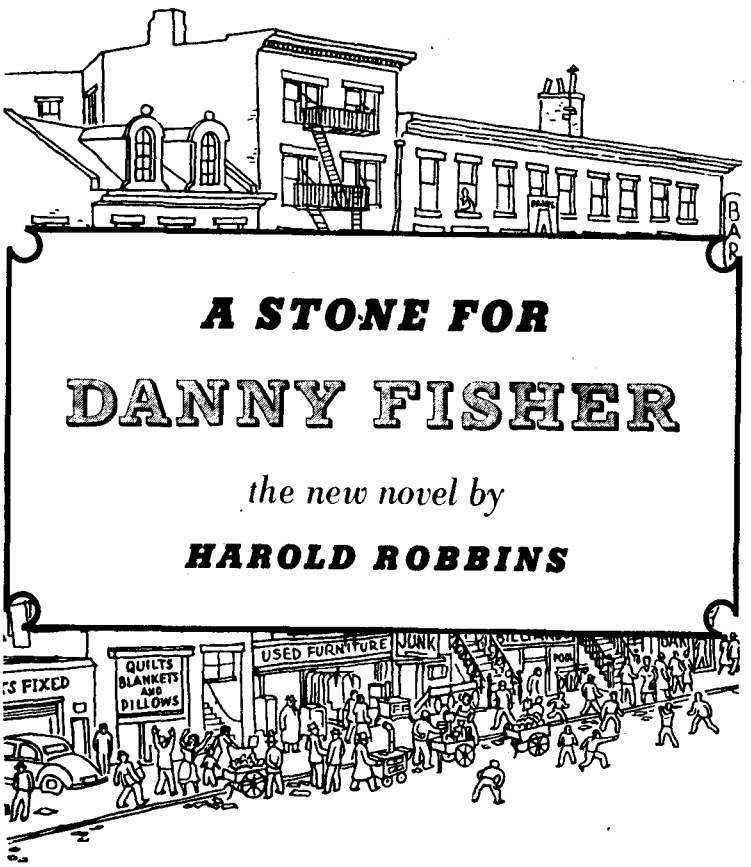
▸ Twenty-five educational centers will be established during 1952-1953 as part of the intensive development program the Indian Education Ministry will launch this year throughout India. Experiments will be conducted in these centers on improved methods of education at different levels. Existing schools will be modernized and new institutions will be set up including teacher training schools.

▸ For the first time, Homer's "Iliad" has been translated into Afrikaans, the mother-tongue of the majority of the South African population. This translation was done by Professor Van Rensburg of the University of Stellenbosch and was completed after seven years work. Professor Van Rensburg had previously translated Euripedes's tragedy "The Trojan Women."

▸ Some months ago Holland had made arrangements to organize an exposition of the famous copies of the Ravenna mosaics which had already been shown in several large cities outside of Italy. But this proved impossible because no cultural agreement existed between Italy and Holland. Due to the intervention of UNESCO, the Ravenna mosaics have entered Holland, where they are being exhibited at The Hague. Several permanent agreements in the field of culture have now been signed by the Dutch and Italian governments.

▸ Twenty-five busmen from Copenhagen, Denmark, are going to Paris to meet French bus drivers and conductors, look at their busses, study their training methods, and compare notes about living and working conditions. They are among the nearly two thousand persons who have applied to UNESCO for aid in using their vacations to learn how their own jobs are done in different countries. It is part of an experimental program for group travel under which UNESCO will pay inter-country travel costs for groups of workers in trade unions, cooperatives, or workers' educational associations.

The compassionate story of a boy and a girl trying desperately to find love in the terror-ridden streets of the city's tragic slums



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ALFRED · A · KNOPF, *Publisher*

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TRADE Winds

WHAT WITH A CALIFORNIA vacation, and other distractions intervening, it's taken me an unconscionable time to get around to telling you about the farewell dinner tendered Rose Oller by over 300 friends when she retired as book buyer for Field's in Chicago after thirty-nine years of valiant service. What disturbed me as I looked over the warmly approving audience was that most of the friends looked a lot older—and lacked much of the bounce—of both Miss Oller and Mary Welch, who was retiring from Hudson's in Detroit at the same time. What the book industry needs—and needs badly—is young blood. We oldsters are beginning to come apart at the seams.

The hit of the Oller do, as expected, was the droll and inimitable Adam Burger, sales manager of Harper's, whose superb timing is in a class with Hope's and Benny's. Adam admitted that nothing in his years of book selling had buoyed him up more effectively than Rose Oller's greeting the day he sashayed into Field's with a gigantic hangover. The understanding and sympathetic Rose took a single gander at him and whispered lovingly, "Adam, you look awful. I'll give you exactly two minutes to get the hell out of this department." . . . Asked about a too, too precious new author on his firm's list, Burger whispered, "Hadn't you heard? He's known as Harper's ferry."

CHICAGO REACTED VIOLENTLY to the Liebling pieces on the Windy City in *The New Yorker*, but Pat Knopf vowed they would appear under the Borzoi imprint nonetheless. Emmett Dedmon is also working on a book about Chicago, designed as a companion volume for Lloyd Morris's successful "Incredible New York." And Kenneth Horan is dissecting Chicago's social set-up for what Dutton hopes will be a worthy successor to Cleveland Amory's wonderful "Proper Bostonians." Meanwhile, Emily Kimbrough's "Through Charley's Door" is selling like wildfire, with Wendt and Kogan's "Give the Lady What She Wants" due to break from the Rand McNally barrier on April 15. On State Street, that great street, they sure devour books about the old home town—especially if they're complimentary.

I HAD SO LITTLE TIME to visit with booksellers in Wichita and Tulsa that I can only say I like them all. This will certainly annoy Miss Edna Ferber, who declares she's living for the day when she reads in TRADE WINDS that I encountered just one bookseller who's an out-and-out stinker. Unfortunately, Miss F., I have met only two out-and-out stinkers in all my years in the book business—and neither of them was a bookseller. They were publishers—and darn important ones too. . . . Wichita and Tulsa are less than an hour apart by air, but as different as day and night. Wichita is a typical, if overgrown, Kansas town, Tulsa a gleaming example of the new oil empire of the Southwest. The dining room of Tulsa's Mayo Hotel has all the style and glamour of the Waldorf or the Pump Room. . . .In Wichita I caught a glimpse of the new Boeing jet plane, so big it takes three men to navigate, so deadly it's supposed to surpass the performance of the dreaded Soviet MIG in every respect. I remember my own thirty-minute ride in a sabre-jet last year. It was the thrill of a lifetime—but wild horses couldn't drag me into this new Boeing job. I done had it! . . . Dick Jones, the Tulsa newspaper magnate who accompanied me on that jet ride at Eglin Field, had Stereo-Realist camera slides to show me when I reached town—but where on an Army air base he dug up the Marilyn Monroeguish creature that decorates one of his slides he's not prepared to divulge.

ON THE PLANE BOUND FROM Tulsa to San Diego I read of the said plight of sixty-one-year-old Maxwell Bodenheim, who had been arrested, dishevelled and desperate, on a disorderly conduct charge for sleeping stretched out on two seats of a subway car in the wee small hours of a dismal, rainy day. Unable to produce $25 bail, the once-cocky and self-assured poet and novelist was locked up in the Raymond Street jail. It was by no means the first time the author of "Replenishing Jessica" had less than $25 in his jeans, but it's the first time he landed in the caboose therefor. At one earlier crisis in Bodenheim's career a half hundred of his Greenwich Village convivials staged a benefit to put him back on his feet. The net was twelve dollars. In his prime Max could make twelve dollars disappear in ten minutes flat. More affluent friends of Bodenheim's have helped him time and time again, but to little avail, and their patience has been all but exhausted. . . . I think that Ben Hecht's novelized version of some of Max's more spectacular antics, published in 1926 under the title of "Count Bruga," remains one of the funniest books of our day. If you have never read it, and can dig up a copy, you

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Random House Books

PAUL BOWLES'

Let it Come Down

➡In *The Sheltering Sky,* Paul Bowles described the disintegration of a woman in the effortless sensuality of North Africa. Now he explores the stranger and perhaps more terrifying things that can happen there to a young man. "More continuously exciting than *The Sheltering Sky,* this new novel drives its central character relentlessly toward the final orgastic shudder with nightmare clarity and hallucinative exoticism."—*from a front-page review by Robert Gorham Davis, in the* N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW. *$3.50*

MARITTA WOLFF'S

Back of Town

➡"A love story without any love in it—only sex and passion and spite and the persistent self-destructive folly of misguided mortals. No contemporary American novelist writes with a more intense narrative drive or with a firmer grasp of the more sordid realities of small-town American life. It would be a jaded reader indeed who did not find himself engrossed by this story of one man and the three strange women in his life."—*Orville Prescott,* N.Y. TIMES. *$3.50*

THE

Brotherhood of Fear

By ROBERT ARDREY

➡"As fine a novel of pursuit and adventure as one can find anywhere. Robert Ardrey writes with the political and social acumen of a George Orwell and a sense of suspense equal to Eric Ambler. Among the things which take this book out of the usual realm of derring-do are the bizarre nature of the pursuit, and the terrifying aspect of a pursuer who is also pursued. Exciting and provocative." — ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH. *$3.00*

The Eye of the Kite

By FLEMING MacLIESH

➡A novel about a bacchanalian transcontinental revel aboard the private airliner of an industrialist with a taste for playing God. "Taut with excitement from first page to last . . . an achievement both impressive and utterly contemporary. It is the product of a first-class mind operating smoothly at all levels."—*James Hilton,* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW. *$3.00*

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, **RANDOM HOUSE,** N. Y.

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There was a man in our town

(The man we're talking about in this case is Ellery Hodder, and the town is Colchester, New York)

And he was wondrous wise.

(Well, there was some disagreement about this)

He jumped into a bramble bush

(Republicans and Democrats will agree that the American small-town political picture is pretty brambly)

And scratched out both his eyes.

(Not literally, but he was scarred up some)

And when he saw what he had done,

(Which was to forget that "politics is people")

With all his might and main,

(Actually it would be more accurate to say "with deepened understanding and renewed faith")

He jumped into another bush,

(Not really another bush: he just resolved to approach the same bush from a more sensible angle)

And scratched them in again.

(This is pure assumption, but by this time both Ellery and the reader have been through an experience of great interest and enlightenment)

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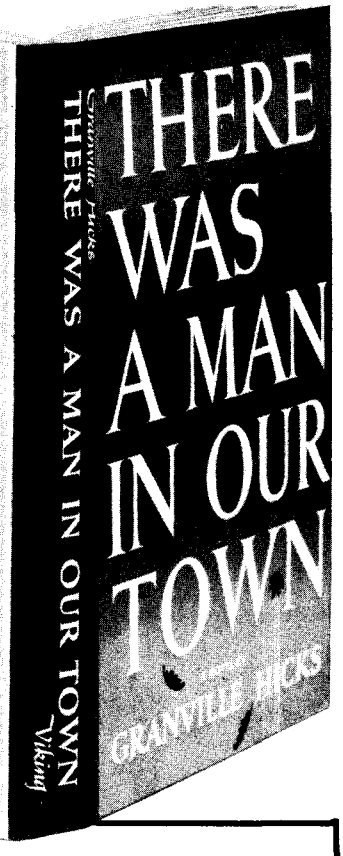

GRANVILLE HICKS, in this "lightly written, deeply thoughtful"* novel, tells of a well-meaning professor who learned some lessons in local politics from a love affair, an impending divorce, a fire, a murder, and some acts of terrorism. How he received his liberal education is a vastly human and entertaining story of small town America today. $3.00

*CHARLES POORE, *Harpers*

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have a treat in store for you. Hecht; MacArthur; Carl Sandburg; Bodenheim; Floyd Dell; Covici; O'Brien; Starrett; Rascoe; Hansen—when will Chicago ever see their like again? Some day, when Jack Lait is tired raking it in—and dishing it out—in his "Confidential" series, he ought to write a book about the whole crew. He knew them when!

FROM ED MEAGHER, CRACK REPORTER of the *Los Angeles Times*, I gather that the most popular inhabitants of the San Diego area today are four diminutive Australian koala bears—only representatives of their species in America, and the envy of every other zoo in the country. It required a special act of the Australian Parliament to permit exportation of the koalas to San Diego, and to Mrs. Belle Benchley, director of the Balboa Park Zoo, goes the entire credit. It took a twenty-five-year campaign to bring those koalas to their new castle.

"Koala bears," notes Meagher, "are in a class by themselves when it comes to finicky eating habits. Unless they can dine on certain types of eucalyptus trees they won't eat at all and literally starve to death. Furthermore, they insist on variety. They won't munch the same species two days in a row. And leaves from trees less than five years old contain cyanide which poisons them. That's why, confident of the ultimate success of her quest, Mrs. Benchley began planting a wide variety of eucalyptus trees on the San Diego Zoo grounds twenty-five years ago. When two pairs of Koalas finally arrived by airplane, they were seated in eucalyptus crotches with an Australian Government employee on hand to keep them supplied with leaves en route."

Koala babies are born prematurely, climb into their mothers' pouches, and stay there for six months. They mature at four and have a life expectancy of about twenty years. If hurt or frightened they sob like babies. They are less than two feet tall and probably couldn't lick their weight in stuffed teddy bears. But who would dream of giving them any trouble? They're the biggest attraction any zoo can boast since the baby pandas first waddled into view. As Ed Meagher says, they represent a challenge to mankind in simply seeing to it that they're kept alive.

And what reader ever expected to read about koala bears in TRADE WINDS? It simply goes to show you that unless a pro like Laura Hobson is writing the column you're just never going to know. It's fool today; koala tomorrow!

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 5, 1952

Mankind from a New Summit

Writing History with a Global Slant

RALPH E. TURNER

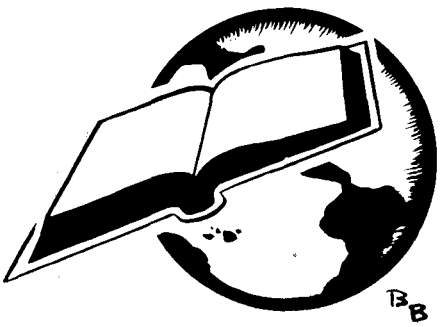
Ralph E. Turner

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A few months ago details were announced of an extensive history of mankind to be written and published under the auspices of UNESCO. The work will take five years to complete and will run to six large volumes. Because the "UNESCO Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind" aims to present history from a global view, without emphasis on any particular culture or country, it poses an impressive editorial challenge.* SR *has asked Ralph E. Turner, chairman of the editorial committee, to explain how UNESCO is trying to meet this challenge. Dr. Turner is professor of history at Yale University and author of "The Great Cultural Traditions."*

THE American people have become aware of the history of mankind largely through the works of H. G. Wells, Arnold Toynbee, and Spengler, who hoped that his book "The Decline of the West" would be as important for the future of Germany as the efforts of the German General Staff. In this hope he was indicating that views of history are instruments of political struggle, a position better known to us in the Communist use of the Marxist interpretation of history. It may be fairly argued that the capture of the past in a view of history is a primary means of seizing power in the present. Indeed, history is not and cannot be a mere academic study. The International Commission for a Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind, recently set up by UNESCO, is fully aware of this problem; it is important that the American people—and, indeed, all the world's peoples—understand how the Commission proposes to deal with it.

When the historian looks at the stream of generations flowing from the dark past into the present, the first image of mankind to appear is one of meaningless diversity. A chaotic array of races, of peoples, of languages, of states and empires, of artistic, musical, and literary forms, of beliefs and rituals, of moral codes, of ways of work, of foods and garments, of inflictions and enjoyments, and of values or goals—the image is that of the Tower of Babel incarnate. But slowly, as the historian's eye penetrates the clouded past, these multiple aspects of life take form in groups of men which, differing from one another, unfortunately make their differences a reason for differing more. Finally, however, the historian's eye discovers in these differences the supreme fact which explains and, indeed, justifies them, namely, human creativeness.

The capacity of creativeness, whether it operates as trial and error, reason, emotional sensitivity, sympathy, intuition, or spiritual aspiration, is the central factor of history. Men have a history, not because material conditions provide a stage for their action and not because the Divine, however they understand it, has set for them an ultimate goal, but



because, with the capacity of creativeness, they can transform material factors and reshape the visions of this goal. As set forth by my colleague on the editorial board appointed by the International Commission for a Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind, Dr. René Grousset, in his recent book "The Sum of History," each of the great cultures may be understood as the effort to bring a vision to reality, and all history as the formation and transformation of visions. The central factor in history is human thought.

Here an examination in detail of the great visions of men would serve no useful purpose. But two elements which they all share serve well to illustrate their fundamental unity. Each of them declares for itself an exclusiveness and each of them in turn proclaims a universality; the former in the superiority of a people, the latter in the reality of mankind, or, in terms of a geometrical metaphor, the center of the circle may vary, but the circumference is always the same. If this seems to be a contradiction, it is only evidence of the fact that human life, unlike human experience, has unknown limits.

Let us note briefly the claim to ex-

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clusiveness declared by each of the great cultures.

The Chinese under Tao, that is in accord with the universe, possessed Li, a sense of propriety which is a guide to right conduct. No other people, they said, had Li.

The Hindus followed Dharma, a law of being implanted by supreme spiritual reality. Those who failed to follow Dharma were "untouchable" and, as such, were outside human society.

The Persians knew the good life under Ahura Mazda; all who opposed them also resisted Ahura Mazda in his struggle with Ahriman, the Prince of Demons, for the lordship of the universe.

The Hellenes or Greeks were the freest, noblest, and best of peoples; all those whose languages sounded to their ears as a meaningless "ba-ba," from which comes our word "barbarian," were meaner folk.

The Hebrews possessed a covenant with the Lord which, as long as they obeyed His law, assured them of His support in a rightful struggle to be the moral leaders of mankind: they were a "chosen people."

The Christians, regardless of sectarian affiliation, claim the one and the true morality; all who, having had the opportunity to follow this way, do not choose it are sinners and, as such, become lost souls.

The Moslems claim to have received from Allah the final revelation; those who refuse it are eternally condemned.

In the light of these claims it appears that the great cultures are united in an assertion of their respective superiority. This mode of unity, if it were the only one they shared, would mean, as indeed it has, merely cleavage among men.

Let us now look at these great cultures from the other pole, namely, their proclamation of universality.

Said the Chinese: "Ten thousand countries, same feeling; under heaven one family." They looked forward to the ultimate Ta-Tung, the "great unity" of mankind.

The Hindus conceived that not only men but all living things are bearers of particles of spiritual reality which will come finally to rest in universal reality. They declared "Ahimsa" or harmlessness to any living thing to be the supreme moral law; the Buddhists, who follow a teaching developed from Hindu ideas, derive from "Ahimsa" a doctrine that transforms the practice of harmlessness into an active service of suffering mankind.

The Persians conceived of their empire as Ahura Mazda's kingdom, which they should extend until it was universal. When this occurred all men would be united against evil and Ahriman, the Prince of Demons, would be overthrown.

The Greeks achieved the concepts of "civilized world," "humanity," and "concord," and thus arrived at the vision of mankind living in universal harmony.

The Hebrews recognize their God as the father who loves all men.

The Christians declare the brotherhood of men and make charity the means of serving this relation.

The Moslems practise a brotherhood of faith which brings all believers to equality before Allah; today this Islamic democracy, as Moslems call it, it is believed will be the unifier of mankind, prevailing, indeed, over the "Communist cooperative commonwealth"—a conception which, it should be understood, also embodies a vision of united mankind—and over the Chinese Ta-Tung, the Hindu spiritual return, the Persian universal empire, the Hebrew Zion, the Greek harmony, and the Christian kingdom of heaven.

IT appears, therefore, that in all the great cultures, men, however conscious of diversity they may have been, have also envisioned the unity of mankind as a goal toward which their conceptions of nature or of spiritual reality or of the Divine necessarily leads them: thus, to transcend the diversity in which each claims superiority is to achieve the highest good.

Nor is the case different with modern science. If, on the one hand, it recognizes separate cultures, on the other hand, it posits the psychological unity of the human race and identifies social processes which, while they produce diversity in ways of life, maintain the performance of similar functions among different groups of men. Modern science finds in diversity the stimulus to the creativeness that enriches the life of mankind.

To those of us who, as members of the International Commission for a Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind, have received the task of planning and preparing "The History of Mankind" this fact of diversity and unity in human life is the guide line of thinking. We find in it both the intellectual basis of the "History" and the source of the method of preparing it.

The Commission sees mankind as a sequence of generations through time. In terms of the concept of human creativeness different streams within the grand sequence of generations are recognized as having built up different bodies of learning or cultures; thus groups of men become peoples, and great personalities cannot be understood except as they express the mood or the outlook or the need of a people. Confucius without the Chinese, Socrates without the Athenians, Jesus without the Jews, Mohammed without the Arabs, Dante without the Italians, Goethe without the Germans,

(*Continued on page* 35)

The Open Door

And the light shineth in darkness: and the darkness comprehended it not.
—St. John I:5.

By Norreys J. O'Conor

THE door is open; anyone may enter:
The colors in the chancel, warm, pleasing,
Livened by sunlight, add to the sense of peace.

But in the Pentagon, around a table,
Sit military leaders, estimating
Stockpiles of bombs and other weapons; planning
Defense against disintegration, pitting
Material against material;
Like children who would build a pyramid
Of blocks, fearful the pinnacle may rise
Too high. These men know the finite powerless
Before the infinite, still gather more
And more materials; although they see
God working not only through the tangible
But the intangible. Will they confess
His spirit; rely on Him who said He is
A sure defense for all who trust in Him;
Ally of all who pray His will be done
On earth as it is in Heaven?

Far up the aisle
A row of hassocks lines the chancel rail;
The cross glows steadily; the door is open.

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The USA & The World.

In reviewing Benjamin A. Javits's "How the Republicans Can Win in 1952" (page 14) Professor Lindsay Rogers inquires what Calvin Coolidge would have said if he had ever read the Republican platform of 1948. So vastly has USA changed internally and in its relations with the world during the past two decades that it would be equally interesting to overhear Cal's comments on any of the books reviewed here. The changes that have overtaken the mores of American business are reflected in sprightly style in "Is Anybody Listening?" by William H. Whyte, Jr. (page 12). The moral implications of another situation the Vermont Sphinx would have found hard to comprehend—the leadership of the free world by the United States—are discussed by Reinhold Niebuhr in "The Irony of American History" (below). Jack Lait's and Lee Mortimer's "U.S.A. Confidential" (page 13) would have disturbed the penultimate Republican also; but most of its hearsay scandal he could have safely discounted.

The Liberal's Soft Heel

THE IRONY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 174 pp. $2.50.

By Frederick Burkhardt

IN this volume Reinhold Niebuhr, who has been called "a contradictory, conspicuous figure in the two worlds of religion and radical politics," examines the position of the United States in the contemporary world from the viewpoint of the Christian philosophy of history which he expounded back in 1941 in his "Nature and Destiny of Man." As the title indicates, the picture which emerges is essentially ironic. The "innocent" nation of Jefferson and the Puritans, so confident in its virtue and unique mission, has developed into an incredibly powerful one, involved in a world struggle. In the exercise of its responsibilities and power, it now finds itself forced to rely on such unvirtuous weapons as the atomic bomb. The "pursuit of happiness" and other standard articles of the American creed seem to have generated their opposites.

These and many other incongruities in our national history, Dr. Niebuhr makes clear, are not fortuitous. What makes a situation ironic is a hidden relation in the incongruity, as, for instance, when "virtue becomes vice through some hidden defect in the virtue." The concept of irony is therefore not merely descriptive, it is explanatory as well. As Dr. Niebuhr uses it in this book, it produces an indictment of modern liberal culture, whose pretensions have brought about their own ironic refutation. The pretensions in the American Dream have been exaggerated notions of human freedom and the power of reason to affect the destiny of man and the course of history. To use one of Dr. Niebuhr's favorite phrases, the error of our tradition has been to forget that "man is a creature as well as creator."

The future depends upon our understanding the irony of our situation. Once we see through it, the irony will dissolve into contrition and humility and we will beget a profounder view of man and his destiny. "The ironic elements in American history," we are told, "can be overcome, in short, only if American idealism comes to terms with the limits of all human striving, the fragmentariness of all human wisdom, the precariousness of all historic configurations of power, and the mixture of good and evil in all human virtue. America's moral and spiritual success in relating itself creatively to a world community requires, not so much a guard against the gross vices, about which the idealists warn us, as a reorientation of the whole structure of our idealism."

Dr. Niebuhr does not go into the details of how our idealism is to be reoriented, but in his last chapter he makes it clear that the revision would be based on the Biblical view of human nature and history.

As a sort of counterpoint to his strictures on the liberal democratic tradition, the author gives a good deal of attention to Communism, which has many of the same pretensions, but in

Frederick Burkhardt is the president of Bennington College. He is the translator and editor of "God, Some Conversations on Spinoza's System by J. G. Herder."

THE AUTHOR: In the past quarter century Reinhold Niebuhr has risen from pastor of an obscure church in Detroit to perhaps the most influential theologian in the English-speaking world and certainly the stormiest petrel in the Protestant Church. Dr. Niebuhr's ascent is based on a brilliant, tough mind, and a somewhat paradoxical credo that combines a liberal's political views with a fundamentalist's faith in the Bible. In such widely read—and debated—volumes as "Beyond Tragedy" (1933), "The Nature and Destiny of Man" (Vol. 1, 1941; Vol. 2, 1943), "Discussing the Signs of the Times" (1946), and "Faith and History" (1949), he has forcefully and penetratingly elaborated the thesis that man, beset by sin, must rely on the goodness of God. At the same time he urges man to address himself to the correction of the evils of modern society. Few critics of his books have accepted his ideas *in toto*, yet virtually all—Catholics as well as Protestants, Europeans as well as Americans—have hailed their freshness, logic, provocativeness, and general usefulness to contemporary thinking. Religion runs in Reinhold Niebuhr's blood: his father was a scholarly German preacher in Missouri, his brother (H. Richard Niebuhr) is now a professor at the Yale Divinity School. In 1915, after study at Elmhurst College (Illinois), Eden Theological Seminary (St. Louis), and Yale Divinity School, he became pastor of the Bethel Evangelical Church in Detroit, a small congregation made up mostly of automobile workers. The sprightly forums he conducted and his efforts to improve his parishioner's laboring conditions swelled the membership of his church and brought him a call to a professorship at New York's Union Theological Seminary in 1928. Today, at sixty, the tall, bald, sharp-eyed professor is spreading his gospel as indefatigably as ever through books and lectures. A constantly widening public watches with fascination the work of a man who—as a fellow clergyman once put it—"can skin civilization, hang the hide up to dry, and offer prayer over the carcass."

—Fabian Bachrach.

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which irony has developed into pure evil. He discusses its dynamism and why it has an easier appeal than democracy in undeveloped countries, but concludes that if we are patient it may well be destroyed by its inner corruptions.

The book depends so heavily on the author's basic philosophical position that it is not likely to be convincing to those who do not share it. There is actually very little history in it. It deals almost exclusively in beliefs, without going into the details of how action on these beliefs caused the American people to make choices which influenced our national development. In fact, Dr. Niebuhr spends a chapter showing how "experience triumphs over dogma" in that the common sense of the people and their statesmen was wiser than the doctrines they theoretically espoused. In view of this it is difficult to locate exactly whom he is belaboring. One is left with the feeling that the shoe fits only Fourth-of-July orators and a vague category of "liberals."

The "liberals," who have certainly had little reason to be drunk with power in this country's history, might argue that the "reason" in which they have, such faith is not unrelated to the common sense of the people. They might further accuse Dr. Niebuhr of perpetrating 174 pages of *post hoc* argument. Granted there is a great deal of irony in our present situation, it does not follow that this is the necessary outcome of liberal idealism, unless some evidence is forthcoming which establishes a causal relationship. This Dr. Niebuhr doesn't produce, although he has no trouble in "demonstrating" the shortcomings of the liberal creed if you are willing to accept his version of human nature to begin with.

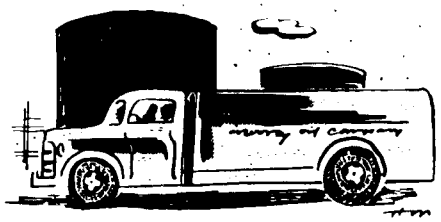
Dr. Niebuhr's philosophical convictions about human nature also enable him to make repeated thrusts at the social scientists. He seems to believe that because there are many aspects of human activity which are irrational, to seek rational, scientific insight into man's nature is therefore inane. He does not jibe at social science because it has produced so little, but because it is attempting the impossible.

This is an attitude which is tenable only for those who are convinced they have access to a higher truth. Dr. Niebuhr's assurance on this score is apparent. This makes his book really an exercise in applying a set of fixed dogmatic beliefs to the contemporary human predicament. Since his dogmatism is roomier and subtler than most, it produces a number of interesting and worthwhile pronouncements.

The Ivory Tower of Business

IS ANYBODY LISTENING? By William H. Whyte, Jr. New York: Simon & Schuster. 239 pp. $3.

By Leo Cherne



WITH devastating wit William H. Whyte, Jr., examines the objectives of "communication" in American business and the consequences which flow from the effort to achieve those objectives. But this is much more than an examination of business ineptitude. The heads that roll in "Is Anybody Listening?" are more often the Ivy-League crew cuts from Madison Avenue than the Jefferson Sellecks from America's interior.

Those who read this little volume will undoubtedly find it most striking, perhaps even shocking, that this collection of barbed and frequently bitter criticisms of American business life was assembled by the editors of *Fortune*. This book is a significant example of the pungent and caustic examinations of the status quo now being made by the "right-wing" radicalisms instead of the "left-wing" orthodoxies.

But William Whyte has added still another stereotype to the literary gallery of American businessmen. The businesses examined, quoted, and undressed, are big businesses. They are in no sense typical of most American manufacturers or American commerce.

For example, most United States companies are outside the sphere of the probing chapters on corporate efforts to absorb the executive's wife. Where the shoe does fit, however, Mr. Whyte's criticism is appropriately acid. Though confined as yet to large enterprises, the consequences of group thinking can be dangerous. The rugged collectivists can injure individualities even when they would be horrified by this result.

A few random quotes from this creative exercise in invective and criticism may convey some of the flavor of a remarkable, though sometimes exaggerating, book.

"The Free Enterprise campaign is psychologically unsound, it is abstract, it is defensive, and it is negative. Most important, in a great many of its aspects it represents a shocking lack of faith in the American people, and in some cases downright contempt."

"Many of the things for which U.S. business is now pumping its own hand were achieved over the strong opposition of a good part of U.S. business.

"If management does not enjoy confidence, it has itself to blame."

"Simplicity is an elusive, almost complex thing. It comes from discipline and organization of thought, intellectual courage, and many other attributes more hard-won by short words and sentences. Plain talk—honest plain talk—is not the means to simplicity; it is the reward of it."

"It is high time the American businessman realized that it is not European socialism but European capitalism that is the chief block to 'free enterprise.'"

Whyte's ability to capture valid facts in glittering phrases sometimes leads him astray, but always with the effect of stimulating the reader in a field remarkably unexamined—namely, what is this thing called business.

It is one of the ironies of Marxism that the actual conduct and reality of Business 1952 are a total mystery to the group which presumes to judge it. If, Whyte says the American society is so substantially shaped by its industry and mass production, then it is imperative that they be widely and correctly understood. The contrary is true. The "liberal" weeklies still deal with realities that faded from the national scene a decade ago.

Of one aspect of our economic society this is *not* true. But in Whyte's full examination of the failure of American business to sell its free enterprise message to the American people, he examines every valid reason except one which he never mentions. It is the widespread fear that whatever the virtues of mass production capitalism, our economy may nevertheless not avert another interval of depression, mass unemployment, bankruptcy and foreclosure. The promotional efforts of American industry have never come to grips with this fear or the reality which underlies it. Nor does William Whyte.

But the book must be read to see that this criticism is not really damaging; for what else the book does it does well. The scores of drawings by Robert Osborn are as caustic and creative as the challenging pages they illustrate.

Leo Cherne is executive director of the Research Institute of America.

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Secretaries, State, Swine & Sex

U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL. By Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer. New York: Crown Publishers. 404 pp. $3.50.

By Duncan Aikman

THERE shouldn't be any mystery about the howling success of the "Confidential" books to readers lucky enough to have learned at their mothers' knees that second-class people and their inferiors (various Ivy League alumni included) love to believe scandal about the prominent and pseudo-prominent. Add that experience has given authors Lait and Mortimer a burning conviction that crime, corruption, sex, Communism, and perversion are 150-proof sources of royalties, and you get the formula.

Like its predecessors, the present collection assembles the fruits of a huge scavenging operation. The Lait-Mortimer team claims to have travelled 75,000 miles in its researches and to have interviewed an impressive number of bellhops, taxi-drivers, and callhouse telephones. In result, the offal of all the scandalmongering that goes on about national administration, sociology, and politics is raked together with reports on pimping procedures from Anchorage, Alaska, to New Orleans and observations of subversions and lasciviousness from Seattle to Puerto Rico, in possibly the heapingest salty-dog salad ever dreamed up this side of Moscow.

It can best be reviewed, in fact, simply by laying out some of the top tidbits of tout sophistication on slabs in the sample and/or identification line, and leaving it up to the innocent onlooker to believe it, or consider the source—and the market.

By the Lait-Mortimer version of USA, then—

National big crime is run by the Sicilian Mafia—a "state within a state," more powerful in respects that count than the national Government.

There are 25,000,000 Negroes in the United States instead of the 15,000,000 reported by the 1950 census. "Many census-takers are afraid to visit Negro slums, so they guess [or] turn in a round faked figure." Millions of Negroes have been imported North in mass movements promoted by leftist politicians [that is, New Deal and Fair Deal] to put them on relief and supply a decisive vote in crucial cities. Educated Negro upper-crusters, who can't get white-collar jobs in business and industry, are consequently "becoming a special ruling caste of Government servants."

Homosexuality both in boys and girls is growing by leaps and bounds in every region of the Republic. The "swishes," male and female, are recruiting like mad in the high schools and on college campuses from the University of California at Los Angeles to Wellesley. Their cliques more and more control promotions in the Government services, the armed services, labor unions, business.

Communists and "pinkos," uniformly out to blackmail libertines, are everywhere. Labor union purges of Red leadership are mostly phonies. Reds sleep with soldiers, sailors, and Marines normally and/or in abominations. They dominate Government services, especially, according to the Lait-Mortimer report, the State Department and the social welfare agencies spawned by the poisonous Roosevelts.

Defense Secretary Robert A. Lovett just thinks he runs his own department. Its real boss is "Dean Acheson's line into the Pentagon," Assistant Secretary Anna Rosenberg. So what does it mean that once threatened perjury prosecutions of two informer characters who charge Anna with being a former Communist never came off?

The Korean War developed because "Acheson and [Defense Secretary General George C.] Marshall, both proponents of the 'agrarian' People's Republic of China, figured that if we went into Korea, we'd be kicked out before reinforcements came, which would . . . create an excuse for us to recognize Red China, give Formosa to the Commies, and discredit MacArthur."

Below these levels of high statecraft, here are a few Lait-Mortimer sillabubs of minor scandal:

President Truman didn't pay off the debts of that busted haberdashery shop in Kansas City. Political pressures were just used to make the creditors say they were paid.

In "half-baked Alaska," a smart bad girl "can pick up $50,000 on a two months trip. . . but she will have to split part of this with army officers and some of the boys in the USO". . . . Models in a regionally famous Southern department store—name misspelled—get $100 a night as call girls.

Communist cell parties aren't as dull as you think. After the ideological pep talks and the strategy plannings, vodka toasts are drunk, lights are dimmed, and the women shared, with the colored comrades getting the first crack at the white girls.

All together, it makes a Chanel #7 dish for the kind of characters who like to sidle up to you in bars and snarl out of the side of their mouths: "Get wise, big boy! When 're yoh goin' ta wake up ta what goes on here?"

The only personages treated with consistent charity are Douglas MacArthur and the late ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. So maybe it's fortunate the Lait-Mortimer combination doesn't go in for Presidential politics. With a Legion of Wisenheimers to back them, a Walker-MacArthur ticket might do pretty well.

"I want you to meet my nephew, General—he's in the Army, too!"

Duncan Aikman is a Washington newspaperman.

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Jumbo's New Clothes

HOW THE REPUBLICANS CAN WIN IN 1952. By Benjamin A. Javits. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 148 pp. $2.50.

BY LINDSAY ROGERS

OF the Republican Presidential platform for the 1948 election Elmer Davis remarked that Calvin Coolidge would have found it "little more appetizing than the Communist Manifesto." The penultimate Republican occupant of the White House would find this book absolutely horrifying.

In an easy conversational style Mr. Javits argues that the Party should not think victory likely because of corruption and disunity in the Truman Administration, or worry about who its candidate should be. "The United States has even elected some mediocre men" to the Presidency, "and both the country and the Party have survived and grown because they were *not* dependent upon any one man." The program is the all important thing and Mr. Javits proposes one.

There must be a proclamation of a "doctrine of world plenty as a declaration of war by the American economy against poverty, hunger, taxes, and ignorance throughout the world"—a doctrine that would cover much more than "the modest proposals" of Point Four and United Nations technical assistance. It would include wiping out trade barriers all over the world, whether in the form of tariffs, monetary exchange difficulties, or laws that discriminate against foreign investors. During the next fifty years America should invest twenty billion dollars a year abroad, not only in money but in commodities and "know-how," to be matched by equal investments from other nations.

The Republican Party should pledge itself "to help the people win increased security and social benefits"—but "through their economic system rather than through their political government." The tax structure should be revised to eliminate hidden taxes, double taxation, and taxes on capital gains. Labor disputes should be settled without strikes, through the use of industrial courts. The Party should say that it stands for the consumer first of all and that his welfare is paramount to the interests of any group—labor, management, farmer, or government. More and more people should be helped to become business share-owners "and as owners of American business to organize and achieve economic democracy."

As this brief summary will suggest, Mr. Javits's reach goes far—much farther than any government's grasp could. Nevertheless, as the senior Henry Cabot Lodge once remarked, "it is only by striving after utopias that any real progress is made." Of Mr. Javits's book James A. Farley, ex-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, says: "It should make interesting reading for those interested in politics or national affairs." Perhaps in saying this he thought that the book might just as well have been titled "How the Democrats Can Win in 1952."

Lindsay Rogers is Burgess professor of public law at Columbia University. He is the author of "The American Senate," "Crisis Government," and other books.

Round Number One

A HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By F. P. Walters. New York: Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 864 pp. $11.50.

BY JAMES T. SHOTWELL

THE history of our times is especially rich in important works by those who participated in great events or were privileged observers or highly qualified specialists. This book will take its place among them. Its theme lacks the drama of war or the allurement of personal memoirs found in the writings of soldiers and statesmen, but through the critical years between the two world wars the League of Nations was the center of international action in a drama all its own, all the more appealing because of its tragic end.

In the interval which has elapsed since that happened we have moved sufficiently far away from the issues with which it dealt to view that first experiment in international organization in the perspectives of history, yet not too far away to lose the sense of reality of the problems which confronted it and the way in which it met them. Here at last we have the authoritative story from one who had unrivaled opportunity to watch it unfold in the debates in Geneva and in the diplomatic conferences held at the instance of the League. Few, if any, of the other officials of the League had such long and intimate contact as the author of these volumes with the statesmen of Europe and other parts of the world who came year after year to Geneva in ever varying relationships of political power. The result is that as an historian he does not concentrate intensively upon the technique of the institution, but presents the world as seen from Geneva when the issues of war and peace were at stake. It is world history from the center of things.

Long training in diplomacy, however, and in the conduct of political affairs has both contributed to the merits of this work, which are great, and to a tendency towards sobriety in statement and a conscientious elaboration of detail which prevents the book from sharing in such mastery of style as that which gives an enduring

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appeal to Winston Churchill's writing. There are no purple patches here, but many instances of that admirable manner of sophistication in which the British excel. For example, the quality of an understatement in which the author prefaces a fine and lengthy justification of Drummond's administration with the statement that "it may be concluded that his judgment was not greatly at fault."

Mr. Walters provides a masterly survey of the aftermath of World War I, and the relative lack of support of the League in its early days, with nationalism feeding on resentments, new states copying the extravagant claims of sovereignty of the pre-war period, and financial disasters threatening the stability of the economic system of Europe. In meeting these situations the League underwent a fundamental change in constitution. The Council, which had been regarded as its chief organ, steadily gave way to the Assembly, a change which was later paralleled in the history of the United Nations. Both incidents point to the fact that in a world organization the great nations must, in the last resort, yield some of their preponderating powers to the smaller nations when these act in common.

For the student of world affairs and for statesmen, Mr. Walter's work will long remain of outstanding importance. For the general reader the narrative of the larger happenings is clear and interesting, but he will especially enjoy the deftly drawn thumbnail sketches of the great political figures of the time: Balfour, Henderson, Herriot, Cecil, and Briand and the statesmen from the smaller countries to whom he pays high tribute—Benes and Politis—and above all to Nansen, "the noblest citizen of post-war Europe."

The League of Nations had to deal with the settlement of some forty-four international disputes, some of which actually led to the brink of war. The varying methods employed to meet these crises, and above all the personalities of the negotiators themselves, are presented here in their proper setting in the history of diplomacy, with comments which at first sight seem casual but are always judicious and sometimes profound.

In view of the great achievement of this history, it would be ungracious to raise minor points of criticism, but I have two in mind: the first is that in the drafting of the Covenant it would seem to me that not enough credit has been given to the two legal advisors of the covenant-making committee at the Paris Peace Conference, David Hunter Miller and Sir Cecil

(*Continued on page 32*)

Fiction. *Although luster is lacking in this spring's fiction, a number of writers who gave evidence of uncommon talent in the past have new offerings worthy of a respectful reading. Last year John Masters caused something of a stir with "The Nightrunners of Bengal," a story of the Sepoy Mutiny; now he returns with another sensational picture of India's past, "The Deceivers" (below). François Mauriac is perhaps the French Catholic writer best known in this country; his just published "The Weakling and the Enemy" (page 16), being representative of his work, gives our reviewer a chance to appraise his talent. Langston Hughes's name always finds a high place on any list of American Negro writers. His short-story collection, "Laughing to Keep from Crying" (page 17), offers fair evidence of why this is so. Incidentally, a new Negro writer of extraordinary power is looming: Ralph Ellison, whose "Invisible Man" will be reviewed next week.*

From Sahib to Thug

THE DECEIVERS. By John Masters. New York: Viking Press. 237 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

A YEAR ago John Masters, an English man born in India and now an American citizen, published "The Nightrunners of Bengal," a vivid novel of the bloody Sepoy Rebellion of 1857. Any story of India a century or more ago when the British were establishing their rule over the fragments of the Mogul Empire is inevitably complicated by caste and religious complexes and the conspiracies of corrupt and dying states. His latest historical novel is concerned principally with that gruesome religious organization of robbers and murderers who were devotees of the cult of the four-armed, black goddess of death, Kali, consort of Siva. For six centuries groups of thousands of Thugs or Stranglers had infested the innumerable wandering roads of the sub-continent until the British put an end to it in 1836. They were protected by local communities and rulers who shared in the spoils. It was, as Mr. Masters says in his postscript, the greatest criminal conspiracy of history, in which it is assumed that over a million travelers were murdered by the garrotting "Deceivers."

—By Nettie Webber for "The Deceivers."

There were so few historical records at his command that Mr. Masters has had to rely on his imagination to a great extent. In "The Deceivers" his hero is William Savage, an Indian Civil servant in charge of a decadent native principality, recently married to the daughter of his superior officer, and quite certainly not a portrait of William Sleeman of the India Political Service, who more than any other man was responsible for the destruction of the cult of Thugee. William Savage is not, to put it mildly, an orthodox Englishman, and his investigation of India's Murder, Inc., was due to his disobeying a cardinal rule of the white man in India: Keep away from all natives.

Oddly enough he so closely resembled an Indian named Gopal that he fooled the company of Thugs he joined in his effort to root out the conspiracy. Gopal was himself a Thug and William later on broke his neck in the traditional manner so that he would not be betrayed. He believed that he could not destroy the cult of Kali unless he joined it and became one of her victims.

Slowly he picked up the clues of

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wholesale murder. As an extremely adept strangler he became the leader of a regiment of killers and their satellites. He learned to fear Kali and to obey her; soon he knew the sadistic pleasure of casting his weighted scarf around a victim's neck. He spoke the jargon of the cult, knew the ceremonial pickaxe as Siva's tooth, and witnessed the death and burial of scores of mutilated men, women, and children. When he had sufficient evidence to prove to his obdurate and conventional father-in-law the extent and power of Kali's followers, he came back to his bride and reassumed the role of an English ruler and a loving husband.

This transformation of William Savage into a murdering native and his ability to return to his normal and conventional life may concern many readers of "The Deceivers." Outwardly he is placid, the image of a slightly dull, conventional English middle-class gentleman. He has a passion for carpentry and is gentle and kind with his loving young wife. And yet this man could embrace the most evil of goddesses in the entire India pantheon. He could murder with his strangler's scarf, could watch while the joints of the victims were broken and a stake was plunged into chest and abdomen. The novel would have been more plausible, as far as his principal character is concerned, if Mr. Masters had conceived of him as a Jekyll and Hyde and had not attempted to make a hero of him. It is not in the domain of a critic to look beyond the boundaries drawn by a novelist, but William Savage had enjoyed his lust for blood and death too heartily and too often to escape from it for the remainder of his life. Would his wife, who knew that he had murdered, turn to him so happily when he returned? Would Kali assume her power over him later on? Any psychiatrist would assume that he was a dangerous citizen and that some day his own wife would be found strangled and mutilated in bed.

A Catholic View of Mayhem

THE WEAKLING AND THE ENEMY. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 219 pp. $3.

By Laurence LeSage

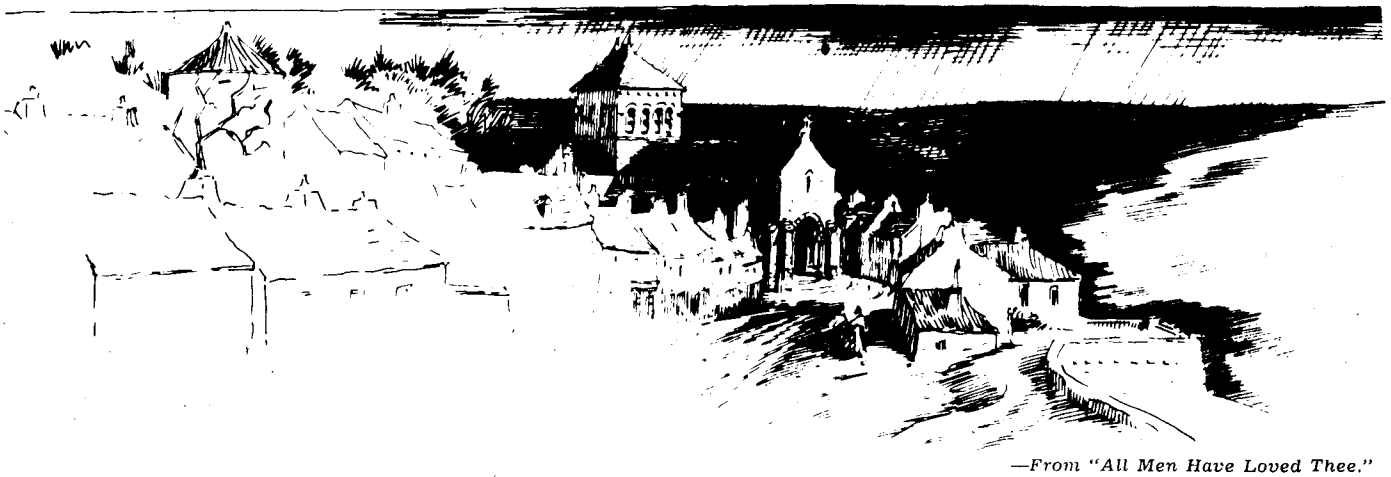
"IS there a choice that does not impoverish, a renunciation that enriches? That was the secret of the mystics." That is also the question that has always haunted François Mauriac, the foremost Catholic novelist in France, and that has driven him through a dozen or more novels in search of an answer. For Mauriac the novel is a branch of Christian apologetics. "Only one novel is proposed to the Christian," he wrote in his journal, "his own—the debate between himself and his Creator."

Mauriac's writing has always been for him a sort of self-exorcism. He defines his literary creations as his own monsters, the most impure part of himself. Hence the world he shows us is exclusively that of sin, his characters mortal wretches harassed by their consciences and their lusts. The freedom that Mauriac, as a Christian, is bound to give them is more apparent than real, for Christian free-will turns out in his novels to be simply a question of ambivalent feelings. Not one of his creatures is actually free, and, as one senses from the beginning, their destiny is unalterable. Even their crimes are passive crimes. Perhaps, as Jean-Paul Sartre has suggested, Mauriac's refusal to let his characters act as free agents is a basic flaw in his art as well as a metaphysical error.

Several years ago in reviewing two other translations from Mauriac, I questioned the appeal for the American public of these tales of innocent poisoners and unnatural mothers among the feudal gentry of Southwest France. Outside the framework of Catholic dogma so much undeserved human suffering seemed likely to revolt the reader who expects to find both virtue and vice in a novel and rewards and punishments handed out in concluding chapters. Yet with the exception of the black plays of Jean Anouilh, the United States has been bafflingly receptive to recent literature from France based upon philosophies and attitudes quite foreign to us.

Mauriac translations keep appearing, and among French-reading Americans Mauriac has many enthusiastic followers. I suggest this explanation: If demonstrations of grace and predestination may be lost upon us, we can fully appreciate Mauriac's deft and sure hand as he probes the human heart to expose its deepest urges and conflicts. And the power and beauty of a style which is in the noblest of French prose traditions reaches us through Gerard Hopkins's capable translations.

The title of the new translation is misleading. "The Weakling and the Enemy" seems to indicate one novel. Actually the volume consists of two novelettes joined by this double title, good enough as a title but not at all accurate. The first, a very recent work running last year in the *Table Ronde* before appearing in a volume, takes its name from the nickname *Le sagouin* (monkey), of the snotty little scion of a degenerate family of country aristocrats. The second novelette, dating from 1935, is called in the original "*Le Mal*" (Evil). Today Mauriac is still writing, despite the elaborate funeral services recently conducted by an impatient young critic. The French may expect a new novel this year, "Galigai," about a woman who believed that the human will can conquer all. It will be interesting to see if here at last is a character of Mauriac who is really free.



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

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Black & Bubbling

LAUGHING TO KEEP FROM CRYING. By Langston Hughes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 206 pp. $2.75.

By Arna Bontemps

FEW people have enjoyed being Negro as much as Langston Hughes. Despite the bitterness with which he has occasionally indicted those who mistreat him because of his color (and in this collection of sketches and stories he certainly does not let up), there has never been any question in this reader's mind about his basic attitude. He would not have missed the experience of being what he is for the world.

The story "Why, You Reckon?," which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, is really a veiled expression of his own feeling. Disguised as a young Park Avenue bachelor who comes with a group of wealthy friends for a night of colorful, if not primitive, entertainment in a Harlem night club, the Langston Hughes of a couple of decades ago can be clearly detected. He too had come exploring and looking for fun in the unfamiliar territory north of 125th Street. The kidnapping and robbing of the visitor in the story is of course contrived, but the young man's reluctance to rejoin his friends or to go back to the safety of his home downtown reflects the author's own commentary. "This is the first exciting thing that's ever happened to me," he has the white victim say to the amazement of his abductors as he stands in a coal bin stripped of his overcoat and shoes, his wallet and studs. "This was real."

Over this tale, as over most of the others in "Laughing to Keep from Crying," the depression of the Thirties hangs ominously, and it serves as more than just an indication of the dates of their writing. It provides a kind of continuity. After a while it begins to suggest the nameless dread which darkens human lives without reference to breadlines and relief agencies.

A sailor, for example, makes a fast pick-up on the West Coast in jive talk ("Well, all reet! That's down my street! Name it!" "White Horse. Send it trotting!" "Set her up, and gimme a gin. What's your name, Miss Fine Brown Frame?") only to learn that the hard times and the general hopelessness of their lives frustrate pleasure even on that level.

A dark mother, in another story, consoles herself by attributing the prohibition-time ruin of her good-looking mulatto son to his Spanish blood. In another a rounder laughs at his misfortunes: "The next thing I knew I was in the hospital, shot everywhere but in my big toe. He fired on me point-blank—and barefooted. I was nothing but a target." And elsewhere a pushcart man becomes a sort of tape-recorder for grim, depression-shaded, Saturday night talk on Eighth Avenue; a blossoming girl painter is denied through prejudice a prize she had won; and in the occasionally anthologized Christmas story "On the Road" an unemployed black man, given a quick brush-off by a high-toned preacher, breaks into a church and sees a vision of Christ before the police arrest him and start breaking his knuckles with their sticks.

Langston Hughes has practised the craft of the short story no more than he has practised the forms of poetry. His is a spontaneous art which stands or falls by the sureness of his intuition, his mother wit. His stories, like his poems, are for readers who will judge them with their hearts as well as their heads. By that standard he has always measured well. He still does.

Langston Hughes—"Harlem's hungry hail."

Ira Morris—"Chicago's bloody riches."

An Old Butcher Dies

THE CHICAGO STORY. By Ira Morris. New York: Doubleday & Co. 347 pp. $3.50.

By Van Allen Bradley

THIS novel about Adolph Konrad, a giant of the Chicago meat packing industry, is curiously misnamed. I suspect it was picked by a publisher's assistant with an eye to its sales potential. It is all the more misnamed because the author has a character observe that the Konrad clan is "as unrepresentative of this city as its handful of gangsters."

The Chicago story, of course, is infinitely more than Ira Morris, a grandson of one of Chicago's pioneer meat packers, has encompassed in these pages. And a deliberately misleading title such as this seems worse than no title at all if the novel has any serious pretensions.

I think this novel has. For if Mr. Morris does not write at a level much higher than that achieved by a mine-run historical tale-spinner, he yet conveys in this colorful story a sense of shifting values in twentieth-century social and industrial relationships.

His Adolph Konrad, whose story begins in 1905, is the archetype of the unrestrained rugged individualist, a ruthless, iron-nerved giant of a man who came up from the blood and mire and manure of the Chicago Union Stock Yards to a position of power and wealth in his narrow little world. An immigrant from Germany, he came to Chicago with five dollars pinned to his underwear, became a stockyards laborer, next a small-time peddler of the meat of maimed animals, then a legitimate packer, and finally the czar of a $12,000,000 empire.

As the story begins, so do Konrad's troubles. First there is Rupert, the son at Harvard, who wants to marry a professor's daughter instead of the Chicago heiress favored by Konrad and his farm-bred wife, Wilma. Rupert hates the stockyards and the odor of meat and blood, and most of all he hates Sans Souci, the ridiculously ornate Konrad home at the edge of the stockyards district. As if that were not enough, there are the unions and their crazy demands for better working conditions for their men. There were also the men

(*Continued on page 33*)

Van Allen Bradley is the literary editor of the Chicago Daily News.

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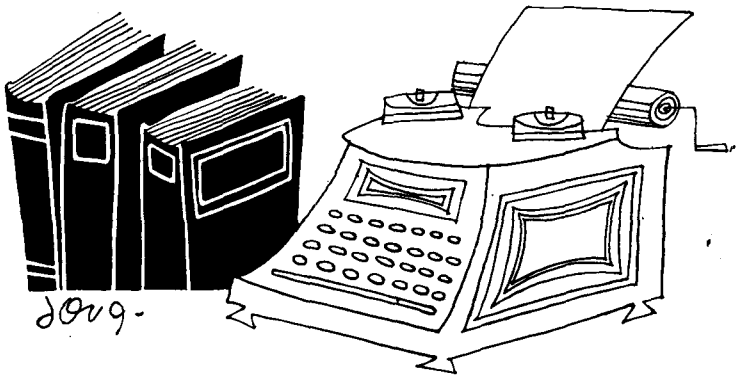

Workouts For Writers

SR's Annual Preview of Summer Conferences

GORHAM MUNSON

LAST month about 100,000 brochures describing 1952 writers' conferences were in the mails. Conference directors tell me they expect a good return from their mailing. They forecast for this year a slightly better attendance than in 1951, when about 4,000 "want-to-writes" attempted to absorb craft-wisdom in some thirty conferences.

The rise of the summer writers' conference has been part of the "revolution in the teaching of writing" we have been hearing about. In fact, the conference spearheaded this revolution that has placed so many writers on college faculties.

The conference idea was first put into action at Bread Loaf, and I well remember my first invitation to teach there. It came from John Farrar, and I was then a magazine editor with a book or two published. "Just go up there," John telephoned, "and talk the way we do here every day. Just say the things we're always saying to writers." That was revolutionary, this transportation of editors from their offices and professional writers from their hang-outs to a summer campus and turning them loose to talk about manuscripts and writing problems exactly as they would in the ordinary course of their jobs.

That part of the idea worked, and was fully appreciated by the enrollees at the early conferences. Over and over they said things in the vein of what a Mid-Westerner wrote me a couple of years ago after attending a conference I had directed. "The writers' conference is really a trip to New York for us with an open door at every publisher's and agent's office represented on the staff waiting for us. We are cordially received and given plenty of time while our manuscripts are appraised and practical advice is offered."

In short, a writers' conference is a professional affair which aspires to the condition of the Booth Tarkington —Kenneth Roberts relationship. ("To Booth's and read four more chapters" was a typical entry in Roberts's diary.) Not, of course, that every mentor at a writers' conference has the experience, insight, and advisory gift of a Tarkington, and not, of course, that every student has the talent, industry, and ambition of a Roberts. But an institution which has put Bernard De Voto, Rolfe Humphries, and Herschel Brickell into the editorial role of a Tarkington and which has had such writers as Jean Stafford, A. B. Guthrie, and Margaret Coit in the learning role of a Roberts need not blush to say that it aspires to the condition of a friendship between a wise elder practitioner of an art and a receptive, highly talented, younger practitioner. For the practical quality of instruction at a good writers' conference see "Writers on Writing" (Doubleday, 1949), a handbook of articles prepared by the staff of the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference. As for the results of the instruction, well, practically every director queried has given me an extensive list of students who have had magazine or book acceptances after conference attendance. This does not mean that conferences make writers, but it does show that publishable writers attend them, receive stimulation, and learn something.

THE core of the conference idea as developed by the three oldest conferences [Bread Loaf, (1926), Colorado (1930), and New Hampshire (1938)] is the individual consultation on a manuscript. The core is surrounded by workshop talks on fiction forms, verse, and non-fiction forms, by round-table or panel discussions (discarded in recent years by Bread Loaf in favor of manuscript clinics), and by more formal evening lectures. But the most important thing is the painstaking editorial reading and the private conference on the shortcomings of a manuscript and what can be done about it.

In the early years at Bread Loaf there was controversy about commercial writing versus art. Under the sensible, balanced leadership of Theodore Morrison, director of Bread Loaf for the last twenty years, the controversy evaporated, probably for the reason that the very good "commercial" and the very good "literary" tend to converge and it is only the inferior "commercial" and the inferior "literary" that seem in conflict. But as writers' conferences have multiplied we see some of them emphasizing the non-commercial pursuit of letters. These are apt to give five- or six-week courses in summer schools, with academic credit attached. Others emphasize the marketable side of writing. They tend to be very short conferences of two or three days' duration, and are in the nature of conventions or outings. The writers' conference norm is a session running from ten days to three weeks, usually under university auspices but not subject to academic requirements, in which the members have some community life and in which there is serious treatment of both literature

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Gorham Munson is a veteran of the writers' conference circuit, having been a director of one conference, a staff member of three conferences, and a publisher's talent scout at several others. Since 1931 he has given a course on Professional Writing at the New School for Social Research and is the author of "The Written Word" and "The Writers' Workshop Companion."

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and journalism. From this norm conferences shade off in one direction to becoming a literary part of a regular summer school and in another direction to becoming a sort of week-end writers' clambake. The directory of conferences following this article is detailed enough to enable the reader to discriminate among the varieties.

The new trends in program-making for the 1952 conferences are the inclusion of workshops in TV-writing and the providing of a larger number of workshops in writing for children and young people—both responses, I surmise, to the strong demand for television scripts and juvenile books.

Another striking thing as I look over the announcements for 1952 is the number of alumni of the early conferences who are now directing or teaching at present-day conferences. For instance, R. W. Stallman was once a Fellow at Bread Loaf (nominated by Thornton Wilder and Gertrude Stein) and is today the head of the flourishing University of Connecticut Writers' Conference. In Salt Lake City there is Brewster Ghiselin, who attended the Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains (Boulder) and now heads the University of Utah Writers' Conference. Teaching at Boulder this summer will be Jean Stafford, who was once a writers' conference student there. And at the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference there will be on the staff two alumnae of Bread Loaf —Margaret Coit and Shirley Barker.

Then there are the circuit riders, the writers and editors who teach at two or three conferences each summer, like Jessamyn West, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, John Ciardi, William Peden, and Herschel Brickell (who is organizing a new conference to take place in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in June). These give consistency to the institutions.

Yes, the writers' conference is now definitely an institution. Born of a need by Middlebury College to keep its inn full between the end of summer school and Labor Day, invented by John Farrar, fostered by Robert Frost, molded by such directors as Theodore Morrison, Edward Davison, Carroll Towle, attracting teacher-writers like Wallace Stegner, Fletcher Pratt, Phyllis Whitney, Melville Cane, Charles Angoff, the writers' conference has now possessed itself of a tradition and set itself standards to maintain. As Rolfe Humphries wrote in *The Nation* two years ago, "Writers' conferences have, even as they are, great actual value, and, as they might be, infinitely greater possibilities."

BEERSHEBA SPRINGS WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of English Department, University of Tennessee, Martin Branch, cooperating with Methodist Conference, will be held at Beersheba Springs, Tennessee, August 17-31. Established 1948. Director: Harry Harrison Kroll. Staff members: Curlin Read, Leonard Tate, Corinne Hodges. Tuition: $25 in all workshops except novel, which is $35. Board and single room, $21 a week. Last year's registration: under 100. Address inquiries to University of Tennessee, Martin, Tenn.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet at Bread Loaf, Vermont, August 13-27. Founded 1926. Director: Theodore Morrison. Staff: Jessamyn West, William Sloane, Rachel Mackenzie, Fletcher Pratt, Lincoln Barnett, John Ciardi, Eric P. Swenson. Visiting lecturers: Robert Frost, John Fischer, Frank O'Connor. Recital by Rowland Sturges. Fee covering room, board and tuition: for auditors, $130-180; for contributors who submit MSS., $155—205. Conference offers limited number of fellowships, paying all regular charges at Bread Loaf; candidates must be nominated by magazine editor, publisher, literary agent, well-known writer, or college teacher. Last year's registration: approx. 100. For bulletin, write Secretary of the Summer Schools, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, *under auspices of University of* Colorado, meets at Boulder, Colorado, July 21-August 8. Founded 1930. Director: Don Saunders. Staff: Jean Stafford, William E. Barrett, Jessamyn West, Karl Shapiro, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Phyllis Whitney, *Arthur Gordon, C. E. Scoggins. Tuition:* $45-85; minimum fee entitles student to attend three workshops, maximum fee covers tuition for all workshops. Room and board from $26.25 to $38.50 weekly. Last year's registration: 100. For bulletin, address Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Division of Extension, University of Connecticut, will meet at Storrs June 22 through June 27. Established 1950. Director: R. W. Stallman. Staff: William Carlos Williams, Isaac Rosenfeld, Jean Malaquais, Malcolm Cowley, Hildebrande Swift, Eunice Blake, Margaret McElderry. Visiting lecturers: Paul R. Reynolds, Clara Classen, Jay Garon and staff of Jay Garon—Brocke, Inc., television agency. Award of $100 for best work of fiction submitted offered by Doubleday. Fees: for auditors, $17.50; for contributors, $22.50 for a limited amount of manuscript, additional fees for MSS. submitted above this limit. Room rates last year were $15 for six nights; meals may be had in the faculty grill. Last year's registration: 62. Address inquiries to Writers' Conference, Division of University Extension, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Connecticut.

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER WORKSHOP FOR WRITERS runs from June 23 to July 25, coterminous with the regular term of the summer school of the University. Founded 1945. Director: Alan Swallow. Among staff members will be Vardis Fisher, Vincent McHugh, Marian Castle, William E. Barrett, William Peden, Bruce Woodford, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Dorothy E. S. Hansen, Oressa Davenport, Frances Traher, Donna Geyer, Virginia Greene Millikin, and Florence Crannell Means. Tuition: $9 per credit hour, whether taken for college credit or non-credit; registration variable from 1 credit hour to 5 credit hours ($9 to $45). Last year's registration: 70. For brochure, address Dr. Alan Swallow, University of Denver, Denver 10, Colorado.

FLORIDA WRITERS COLONY WRITERS CONFERENCE was founded in 1950 by Joseph Lawren and will hold its fourth session at the Gulfbreeze Hotel, Venice, Florida, June 15-21. Directed by Mr. Lawren, its staff will include Elizabeth Counselman and William Ganoe, with other instructors to be announced. Rates: $10 for enrollment, $10 for first course, $5 for additional courses. Attendance last year, 50. For further information, write Joseph Lawren, P.O. Box 87, Venice, Florida.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S SUMMER INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL WRITING AND RADIO-TV is part of the annual summer institute of communication arts sponsored by Fordham. The Summer Institute of Professional Writing was established in 1947 and is directed by the Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J. It will take place from July 5 to August 14 on the Bronx campus of Fordham University, 190th Street and 3rd Avenue, New York City. Instructors include Herschel Brickell, William A. Coleman, Edgar L. Klater, Edward A. Walsh, Reginald Lawrence, Alfred J. Barrett. There will be 15 special lectures by visitors. Tuition: $30 per 30-hour course. Last year's attendance, 180. For information about these summer courses in creative writing, journalism, and radio-TV, write Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., Director of Journalism and Creative Writing Division, Fordham University, New York 58, N. Y.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP CAMP, INC., Hendersonville, N. C., is a non-profit educational institution for the arts, founded in 1939. From June 29 to August 23 it offers 2-week courses in poetry, juvenile fiction, creative writing, feature articles and playwriting. Director: Evelyn Haynes. Staff: Edwin Osgood Grover, Helen Diehl Olds, Manly Wade Wellman, Jean Hersey, Vivian Laramore Rader, Ruth McCoy Harris, George McCalmon; others to be announced. Tuition: $10 per week per subject. Room and board, $30-55 per week, according to accommodations. Last year's registration: approx. 75. Brochure available; write Huckleberry Mountain Workshop Camp, Inc., Hendersonville, N. C.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Bloomington, Indiana, will be in session July 13-19. Founded 1940. Director: Philip B. Daghlian, of Indiana University. Staff: Nelson Algren, Victoria Lincoln, Richard H. Rovere, John Ciardi, Isabel McLennan McMeekin. Special feature: Indiana Authors' Day, July 13. Rates: $15 for one workshop, $12.50 for second workshop; auditors at half-fees. Room, $2.50 per person per night. Board at moderate rates. Last year's registration: approx. 60. For brochure, write Philip B. Daghlian, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE will take place at Ocean Park, Maine, on August 7-8. Chairman: Bhima Sturtevant. Speakers: Richard Merrifield, Loring Williams, Doris Marston. No fees except nominal registration fee. For information, write Adelbert M. Jakeman, Ocean Park, Maine.

MEXICO CITY WRITING CENTER, under auspices of Mexico City College, puts special emphasis on its summer session, June 17-August 28. Founded in summer of 1950; holds four sessions a year. Director: Margaret Shedd who gives courses on Preparation for Creative Writing, Psychological Backgrounds for Writing, and MS. Evaluation. Staff: Jerry Olson (MS. Evaluation, Current Publications, Fact Writing), Ted Robbins (Writers' Observation of Mexico, Basic Mechanics for the Writer), Ramon Xirau and Donald Demarest (Problems in Two-Way Spanish-English Creative Translation). Tuition: $105. Special feature: coordinated program with a group of Mexican writers working on Rockefeller Foundation grants. Summer session atendance in 1951: 65. For information, write Margaret Shedd, Mexico City Writing Center, Mexico City College, Chiapas 136, Mexico, D. F.

DRURY COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Drury College, will meet at Springfield, Missouri, April 18-19. Founded 1950. Director: Adelaide H. Jones. Ten guest speakers on novel, short story, poetry, nonfiction and radio. Tuition: $3.50. Last year's attendance: 150. For information, write Adelaide H. Jones, Drury College, Springfield 2, Missouri.

MISSOURI WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Department of English and School of Journalism, University of Missouri, meets this year June 16-21 at Columbia, Missouri. Founded 1947. Director: William Peden. Staff: Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Warren Beck, Alan Swallow, John Gunnell, William Porter, Michael Simmons. *Guest lecturers:* Nelson Algren, Frank Luther Mott, John G. Neihardt. Tuition: $15 for one workshop and pectures; $10 for any additional workshop. Last ear's registration: 40. Room and board, $20.50. Brochure available; write Director, Missouri Writers' Workshop, University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of

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The Saturday Review

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"Can an American Be Trusted?"

IN an editorial several weeks ago *The Saturday Review* took exception to a series of statements in "I Led Three Lives," by Herbert Philbrick, Boston advertising man who posed as a member of the Communist Party in order to turn over valuable information to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We pointed out that if Mr. Philbrick's statement —"No one can be trusted"—is to be accepted then we have valued the American people lightly, indeed. We said the easiest way to weaken the foundations of a free society was for each person to proceed on the assumption that no one—friend, brother, sister, community leader—can be trusted.

Mr. Philbrick has written to the editors to say that we misconstrued this portion of his book. The statements we quoted actually were intended, he said, to reflect a mood of disillusion which enveloped him several years ago upon discovering that a certain highly respected member of the Boston community had secretly belonged to the Communist Party. The shock and despair resulting from this discovery produced grave doubts at the time. He is now anxious to make it clear that, though the statements in question were written in the present tense, they are not to be regarded as an accurate reflection of his final and considered views. He calls our attention to a section in the appendix which accurately represents his conclusions and which is actually sympathetic to *The Saturday Review*'s editorial postition.

The purpose of this section is to enable people to draw important distinctions between the Communist and the liberal. "Unfortunately," wrote Mr. Philbrick, "some people confuse Communists and liberals when, in truth, they are worlds apart. While it is difficult to distinguish the skilled underground comrade from even a conservative Republican, if he wants to hide his identity, nevertheless I can offer certain guideposts from my own experience which may be some aid":

1. A Communist believes the individual must be sacrificed for the good of the masses; a liberal has high regard for the value and integrity of the individual.
2. A Communist interprets and misinterprets history for his own purposes; a liberal studies history honestly and learns from it.
3. A Communist uses the ills and defects of the capitalist system to foment anger and class strife; a liberal points out those ills, but tries to cure them.
4. A Communist believes that the government is the master of the people; a liberal believes that the government is the servant of the people.
5. A Communist will attack Socialists and progressives even more violently than he attacks conservatives; a liberal tends to agree and to compromise with people holding the same general point of view.
6. A Communist, to attain his seemingly bright idealistic goals, uses any means at his disposal—lies, blackmail, bloodshed, murder; the liberal, although he may have some of the same ends in mind, uses honorable means.
7. A Communist uses the arts—literature, painting, music—in a strictly functional sense, to further the aims of world Communism; a liberal appreciates the arts for their own sake.
8. A Communist is absolutely indefatigable in "serving" an organization he wishes to control. He will do anything, even stay at a meeting until 3 A.M., by which time, unfortunately, the non-Communist liberals will have gone home.
9. A Communist, although he pretends to be independent, always takes his orders from above; a liberal makes up his own mind.
10. A Communist, because he takes orders from above, is sometimes trapped by an overnight change of Party policy; a liberal can change his mind but he does so slowly, painfully, and by his own volition.
11. A Communist participates in secret, underground activity. He feels that he has something to conceal. A liberal works toward his goals aboveground and in the open.
12. A Communist is committed to violence, although he seeks to hide it in every possible way; a liberal is just as dedicated to peaceful methods. One is revolutionary, the other evolutionary.
13. A Communist, like any other totalitarian, is vitally interested in youth movements through which he can capture the minds of young people; a liberal is interested in educating but not controlling the minds of the young.
14. A Communist is suspicious of everyone, not only his enemies but his fellow comrades. The Party spies continually on its own members. A liberal has no reason to be suspicious, and for that very reason sometimes falls into Communist traps.
15. A Communist believes that a small, tightly knit group (the vanguard) should lead; a liberal does not distinguish so clearly between leaders and followers.
16. A Communist tends to use Marxist jargon (see Appendix I); a liberal struggles along with our native vocabulary.

The Saturday Review is grateful to Mr. Philbrick for his letter and especially for the opportunity to correct an injustice. We accept without qualification his assurances that there is no real argument between us, and we hope he will accept our regrets at having publicly criticized him for what turns out to be misinterpretation of part of his book.

Nineteen Propositions About Communism

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In conjunction with Mr. Philbrick's sixteen points of distinction between the Communist and the liberal, as listed above, the following guest editorial by Stuart Chase takes on added significance:*

1. The world after two colossal wars and a technological revolution is in profound transition and turmoil.
2. The U. S. and Russia are the only two first-class world powers left,

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out of seven in 1939. Germany and Japan are power vacuums, upsetting the balance of Europe and Asia.

3. Many U. S. citizens are bewildered and frightened by these swift changes and their volcanic effects.

4. Demagogues in the U. S. are using this fear and bewilderment to cadge votes and power. "Follow me," they say, "and I will protect you from the wicked Communists responsible for all this trouble." Many follow.

5. Russia is in a more aggressive phase than at any period since Peter the Great. She could give the U. S. a nasty time in war, but has not the industrial potential to win a prolonged world war. The U. S. could knock out her major oil supply on the Black Sea within forty-eight hours.

6. The official faith in Russia is Communism. It is therefore easy to say that the U. S. is "threatened by Communism." Few stop to analyze the situation behind the words.

7. In 1932, at the bottom of the Great Depression, fifteen million Americans were unemployed and the banks were going down like a row of dominos. In that year it might fairly be said that the U. S. was in mild danger of "Communism." If conditions had not improved the threat might have become really serious. People were in despair; they looked for somebody to blame for their wretchedness. "Wall Street" and the "capitalists" were vulnerable targets.

8. At no time since Roosevelt moved in with the New Deal, to restore the feeling of security to the mass of the people, has there been the wildest, remotest chance of the U. S. "going Communist." There never will be the wildest, remotest chance unless another major depression puts fifteen to twenty million citizens on the street, with no discernible way out.

9. The probability of such a depression is now remote. We have a complete set of economic tools to stop and reverse a downswing, including lower taxes, public works, and the expansion of credit. There is certain to be enough political pressure from labor, farmers, and businessmen to force Congress to use these tools and check a downswing before it becomes a major disaster. (See J. K. Galbraith's new book, "American Capitalism," for support of this idea.)

10. Communist propaganda makes a powerful appeal to the downtrodden. It offers them bread and, even more important, it offers them status. They can hold up their heads again. It tells them to expropriate their landlords, usurers, rich men, and take over control themselves. The people are the rulers!

11. In Russia the people are not the rulers, as every careful student knows. A new elite has moved into the Kremlin, tougher on the whole than the Czars and the nobles. Citizens who toe the line have some economic security, but they have no power. Even the trade unions have no power, or the farm bloc, or the professional people. Nobody has any power in Russia today but the Politburo, the governing board of the Communist Party.

12. In the Great Depression people in the U. S. were looking for formulas to save the world as well as somebody to blame. They went in for technocracy, social credit, the cooperative, commonwealth, unlimited greenbacks; they went in for Communism. Of the last the more intelligent joiners lost interest after it became clear that the Depression was being surmounted by much milder medicine. Others fell off the bandwagon during the Moscow purges of 1936, or the Hitler-Stalin pact to partition Poland in 1939.

13. The membership of the U. S. Communist Party included a high proportion of frustrated neurotics and plain crackpots as well as some high-minded idealists—a tragic group, this last, victimized by both sides. The Kremlin never had much use for any of the U. S. Party. Whatever plots they may have hatched, or whatever "secrets" they may have divulged, on whatever typewriters, are not a menace to the national interest now and probably never were. The Party in its palmiest days had no more than 100,000 members. Today the FBI estimates 40,000. By comparison France with a third of U. S. population has 5,000,000 Party members. Here is real trouble, contrasted with our miniscule menace.

14. During the war, 1941 to 1945, Russia was our brother-in-arms. If Russian armies had not held at Stalingrad we might still be fighting the Germans. During these years the cream of American capitalism joined Russian Relief and other organizations now held "subversive." These, however, were not Communist groups, but aid-to-an-ally groups, When Russia began to repudiate her agreements after 1945, the carriage trade, together with all sensible citizens, resigned.

15. Ever since 1946 the CIO, the AFL, and such liberal and reform organizations as the ADA and the AVC have been tossing out Communists wherever they could be found. There are few Red-dominated unions left in the U. S. This was not due to Congressional investigations, but to the fact that Joe Doakes became sick and tired of having his meetings rigged by the comrades. Communist literature meanwhile was not "insidious propaganda," but an everlasting bore with its stale ideas and staler slogans just hot off the presses in 1848. For most Americans it has no meaning, whatever may be the case in Burma or Guatemala.

16. Professional spies for Russia have been, and still doubtless are, at work in the U. S. In the event of war there is danger that bridges and factories will be blown up by trained Russian cloak-and-dagger men. (Hopefully, U. S. spies in Russia will also make things unpleasant over there.) There is less danger, but still some, that fanatics in the U. S. Communist Party will blow up a bridge or factory. Here is the only "menace of Communism" we have known for twenty years.

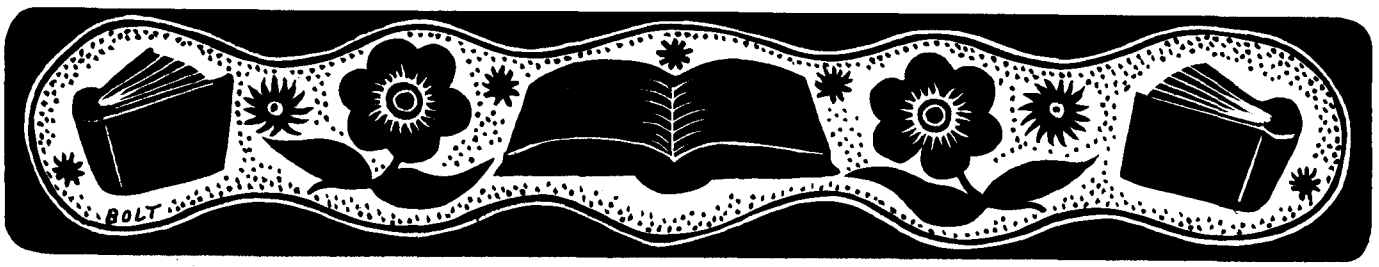
17. It is the business of the FBI to keep track of spies and persons acting as agents of a foreign power. As Herbert Philbrick says at the conclusion of his recent book: "It takes an expert to catch an expert." The McCarthyites and demagogues, he says, make the work of the FBI more difficult by confusing the innocent with the guilty. If war unhappily should come, McCarthyism will be responsible for some additional sabotage.

18. The demagogues, by labeling anybody a "Communist" whom they do not like or who advocates changes they do not approve of or who belongs to the opposite party, have splintered the nation at a time in history when unity is bitterly needed. They have discouraged decent and able men from entering Government service—at a time when the country is in dire need of decent and able policy makers and administrators. Look at what they tried to do to David Lilienthal, Anna Rosenberg, Newbold Morris.

19. It is conceivable that if this kind of thing continues democracy will become unworkable. Democracy demands maturity and restraint; it imposes a responsibility to play the game according to the rules. It means considering an accused person innocent until evidence which will stand up in court proves him guilty. Demagogues are now using the headlines recklessly to brand good, loyal Americans guilty, with a stain which will last a lifetime, without a shred of competent evidence. Democratic institutions are hardy, but not that hardy.

I PRESENT these nineteen propositions for your consideration. They are the result of following liberal and reform movements for more than thirty years, and of knowing about their motivations. There are plenty of things which alarm me in the world of 1952, but Communism in America is not one of them.

—STUART CHASE.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Elia Kazan on "Zapata"

SIR: There has been an eloquent criticism of "Viva Zapata" in *The Saturday Review* by Hollis Alpert [*SR* Feb. 9] and also an eloquent defense by Laura Z. Hobson [*SR* Mar. 1]. That is as much discussion as any motion picture deserves and I do not want to add to it. However, your readers may be interested to hear how the political tensions of the present bore down on us—John Steinbeck and Darryl Zanuck and me—as we thought about and shaped a historical picture. These pressures, though nervewracking, forced us to clear our own perspectives and in this sense were useful. They also brought to me a realization of the relationship between abstract politics and personal character which I had not formulated before.

It is human character, above all, which concerns a director, writer, producer, and it was the character of Zapata which intrigued us all. He was not a man of words and what he was had to be read in what he did. Part of our interest in the beginning lay in a certain mystery about what kind of man he really was.

It was not the first and simpler part of his story which suggested an almost unique man. He had risen from nothing, illiterate, uneloquent, to overthrow the forty-year dictatorship of the "Permanent President" Diaz. He had challenged a disorganized 1910-version of the police state. He had formed and led an army. He led it with bravery, tenacity, and an astounding, untutored military skill.

Yet there were other leaders, some also brave and tenacious and effective in battle. What fascinated us about Zapata was one nakedly dramatic act. In the moment of victory, he turned his back on power. In that moment, in the capital with his ragged troops, Zapata could have made himself president, dictator, caudillo. Instead, abruptly and without explanation, he rode back to his village. There he saw to it that the people got back their farms, which had been taken from them, and there, as he must have known would happen, he was hunted down by men who had no scruple about taking power, or using it to stamp out opposition.

We felt this act of renunciation was the high point of our story and the key to Zapata himself. If we could not explain it, we did not know our man. Yet no written account gave an acceptable explanation.

We went to Morelos, Steinbeck and I, and saw the dry austere grandeur of the mountains, the poverty of the fields, the poverty and pride and almost Biblical dignity of the people. And here we walked into an attack from—call it left field.

We knew that the Communists in Mexico try to capitalize on the people's reverence for Zapata by working his figure into their propaganda—much as Communists here quote Lincoln to their purpose. We had ignored this and gone about our business, for we knew that Communists anywhere and always will try to appropriate anything to which people give allegiance—peace, prosperity, land reform, brotherhood, democracy, equality, liberty, nationalism, internationalism, free speech, or whatever. We can hardly give over these things to their claim.

"I keep breaking down base metals and instead of gold all I get is uranium 235."

So it was that, with our minds on the picture business and not on politics, we approached two men who are prominent in the Mexican film industry. We had some idea that we might want them to work with us and in any case, humbly, as foreigners writing about their national hero, we asked their opinion of our preliminary script.

They came back with an attack that left us reeling. The script was impossible! We listened. We discovered they were attacking us for including things which we knew to be historically true: that Zapata had a measure of Spanish blood and was proud of it, the very proper Spanish-Colonial style of his courtship and marriage, his vanity in the matter of dress and uniform, his abandoning of the white cotton peon costume when he could afford to, his indecision about taking up arms. But above all, they attacked with sarcastic fury our emphasis on his refusal to take power.

We digested all this on the terrace of the Hotel Marik in Cuernavaca. Four feet away, on the other side of a low wall, the Indians went by in the street. Over the houses the mountains loomed and the air was soft. John said, "I smell the Party line."

I smelled it too. Nearly two years later our guess was confirmed by a rabid attack on the picture in *The Daily Worker*, which parallels everything the two Mexicans argued, and which all but implies that John invented Zapata's renunciation of power.

No Communist, no totalitarian, ever refused power.

By showing that Zapata did this, we spoiled a poster figure that the Communists have been at some pains to create. As we figured this out, we saw our man more clearly, and were readier for the attack from the opposite political pole.

It had to come. Whenever the Communists stake a claim to any concept or person that people value, the overanxious Right plays into their hands with exasperating regularity. If they would treat the Communist claim to peace, to free speech—and to men like Zapata—with the same good sense and laughter that greets the Communist claim to the invention of the bicycle, it would make life easier for those of us who really value those things.

In any case, we were told by an organization long on vigilance but short on history that Zapata was a rebel, so he must have been a Communist. There was, of course, no such thing as a Communist Party at the time and place where Zapata fought. (*The Daily Worker* regrets it.) But there is such a thing as a Communist mentality. We created a figure of this complexion in Fernando, whom the audience identify as "the man with the typewriter." He typifies the men who use the just grievances of the people for their own ends, who shift and twist their course, betray any friend or principle or promise to get power and keep it.

Thinking thus—not of politics but of human behavior—we saw Zapata clearly. In his moment of decision, this taciturn, untaught leader must have felt, freshly and deeply, the impact of the ancient law: power corrupts. And so he refused power.

The man who refused power was not only no Communist, he was that opposite phenomenon: a man of individual conscience.

For confirmation, we had seen the people whom he led. No weakling, no trickster, no totalitarian, leaves behind him a strong people, but the men of Morelos are respected today as the proudest and most independent in all Mexico. Their bearing is proof

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of the kind of man who led them out of bondage and did not betray them. I think it is also witness to the relationship of two things not usually coupled: politics and human dignity.

ELIA KAZAN.

New York, N. Y.

"On the Record"

SIR: I am writing to tell you how much I have missed the ON THE RECORD column by Edward Tatnall Canby. The monthly RECORDINGS section is excellent, but it cannot cover all the recordings now issued, and the weekly department was a help in this respect, as well as in giving another viewpoint. Your many record reviews were my principal reason for subscribing, and I sincerely hope that the omission is not to be permanent.

ADELAIDE W. BRANDOW.

State College, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Edward Tatnall Canby is on a brief leave of absence to finish a special project of importance in the record field. His column will be resumed in June.*

Rediscovered Nietzsche

SIR: In his review of Friedrich Nietzsche's "My Sister and I" [*SR* Feb. 2], A. K. Placzek writes: "Several questions burn to be answered. How can Nietzsche in 1889-90 have written an outburst about his mother's death which occurred in 1897? Why are we not given a single sample of the German text? . . . Is it possible to gain access to the manuscript of Levy's Introduction?"

These are questions it would seem — from our correspondence — the whole world is asking. To reply to them comprehensively we must tell you something of the history of "My Sister and I" since it was returned to us by Dr. Levy, in translation.

To begin with, I should point out that our publishing house for many years led the forces of battle against book censorship in the United States. . . . Within New York State a certain amount of violence entered the picture. Acting for his Society for the Suppression of Vice, John Sumner, accompanied by two or three detectives, would walk into our offices and seize anything they might consider a source of danger to public morals. In such a raid on our premises at 160 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Sumner seized almost a whole edition of "Ulysses," our entire Carrington collection, and, as we later discovered, the Nietzsche manuscripts.

All our efforts to recover them were unavailing. But we never entirely gave up hope. Early last year, while rummaging through a warehouse trunk containing much ancient material, a member of our firm found a battered, bug-eaten carbon copy of Dr. Levy's translation. Considerable reconstruction had to be done. Words that had become indecipherable had to be replaced. But in effect it was the work as Dr. Levy had delivered it to us.

Now to answer your reviewer's questions: 1.) Nietzsche's outburst about his mother's death was the transcription of a dream; it is as a dream that Nietzsche presents it in the opening words of the incident. 2.) We cannot provide any specimens of a text which to the best of our knowledge no longer exists. 3.) We never had a holograph copy of Dr. Levy's introduction; only typescript.

In the vast correspondence on the subject that is coming in to us from every part of the world, we have a letter from Prof. Peter Viereck, of Mount Holyoke College, suggesting the interesting possibility that Oscar Levy might have written the whole book himself, instead of translating the manuscript we left with him. We doubt that Oscar Levy would or could have done this. There is too much of

the body and spirit of Nietzsche in this book to leave room for such a speculation. "My Sister and I" is Nietzsche or nothing.

MARGARET MEEHAN,
Seven Sirens Press, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mrs. Meehan's answer to my question about Nietzsche's mother was apparently based on a misapprehension. I was not, of course, casting any doubts upon the passage clearly indicated to be the transcription of a dream. I was referring to the Editorial Note on page 86: "This section was evidently written after his mother's death."

. . . As I said in my review, many questions remain. Mr. Viereck has advanced a most interesting theory. I should like to venture one of my own—that this fascinating manuscript was based on random notes jotted down by somebody who had listened attentively to Nietzsche's outbursts in the asylum and who was afterwards one of his closest companions.

A. K. PLACZEK.

New York, N. Y.

T. S. Eliot and Anglo-Catholicism

SIR: In a recent review of Rossell Hope Robbins's "The T. S. Eliot Myth" [*SR* Feb. 2] Ben Ray Redman states: ". . . Mr. Eliot's social and political ideas are, in a large measure, logically those of a member of the Roman or Anglo-Catholic communion who truly believes in Original Sin, looks on this world as but a preparation for eternity, and devoutly holds the priest to be a mediator between men and God."

This is an expression of a widely held idea that Eliot's social, political, and literary views are logically connected, in whole or in part, with the fact that he is an Anglo-Catholic. Strangely enough, this idea has been rarely challenged. Such statements arise, I believe, from an apparent misconception of what Anglo-Catholicism is.

In the first place, this term is not used to denote a communion or a sect. Anglo-Catholicism is a movement within the Anglican churches of the British Empire and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States that seeks to bring about a greater awareness of the ancient catholic heritage of the Anglican Communion and an enrichment of its life and worship through devotional emphasis upon the full sacramental life of the Church. In the United States, all Anglo-Catholics are practising members of the Protestant Episcopal Church; in the British Commonwealth of Nations they are loyal members of the various Anglican Churches. Belief in Original Sin is a part of the theology of the entire Anglican Communion as it is of most Orthodox Protestant Churches and the Roman Catholic Church. However, views commonly attributed to Eliot, such as "social stratification," "education for the mandarins," devotion to royalty, and a pessimistic view of the world and its inhabitants, simply have no logical connection with Anglo-Catholicism.

It is perhaps unfortunate for Anglo-Catholicism that Mr. Eliot has so clearly identified himself with the movement. Instead of a "Retreat to the Middle Ages" Anglo-Catholics have been continually immersed in the social problems of the day and vary in their political views as widely as do others.

HAROLD J. CONLON.

Cincinnati, O.

SR As Viewed by the Soviets

SIR: E. Romanova's article which you reprinted from *Novy Mir* ["What Soviet Writers Think of The Saturday Review," *SR* Mar. 8] shows how closely the Russians stick to their line of debasing any publication that attempts to disprove their line of half-truths, which they try to pass on to the world as the whole truth. . . . You have effectively beat them at their own game by showing your faith in the intelligence of your readers.

BOB STANLEY.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

SIR: How right Miss Romanova's article is! All is missing and despair in this country—where there is no good news. All hope and will to live are gone! That is why millions of people buy automobiles *every* year, in order to practice euthanasia or commit suicide—both of which are forbidden by law.

RUTH L. M. U. GERKES.

Westchester, Pa.

Franz Schoenberner

SIR: Two months ago, Franz Schoenberner, a fifty-nine-year-old writer and journalist, formerly editor of *Simplicissimus*, worked late at night

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on a manuscript. In the apartment next door a radio was blaring. He got up from his work, told his wife it was impossible to concentrate and that he would ask the neighbor to tune the radio down. When, after half an hour, he didn't come back, his wife became alarmed. She went over to the other apartment and found her husband unconscious on the floor with blood trickling over the ash-white face.

The neighbor, a young man, felt that the modest demand of the little man at the door for a bit more consideration at midnight was an intrusion and infringement on his rights as a citizen. To answer, he hit him over the head. He was not drunk. He just thought that this was the way a tough young man who had to cope with the predicaments of life was suposed to behave. Perhaps he thought of the movie heroes who are so admirable in their manly displays of hitting, shooting, and murdering. Or perhaps he was not thinking at all.

Be that as it may, Franz Schoenberner has been lying in a New York hospital with paralyzed arms, paralyzed legs, and a total interruption in the functioning of elimination. So far, this body of the fifty-nine-year-old has successfully fought for its existence, miraculously withstood infection, struggled for the reinstatement of its paralyzed functions. The final result of this struggle is still doubtful. Only one thing is certain: if he survives, he will be a cripple to the end of his life.

A few days ago I visited this man. Small and white, he was lying in his bed turning the pages of a book by a device that was fastened on his forehead. He smiled. This smile didn't disappear during the time I was there. People came in, hesitant, afraid that their own emotions might overcome them when looking at this tragic figure. After a few minutes they forgot their fear. The little man in the bed not only smiled, he succeeded in comforting them, making them laugh and almost happy. It was not an act he was putting on. It was the sincere and serene behavior of a man who had understood and given up asking for sense in life, who had accepted its absurdity and injustice with the graciousness of a supreme spirit which cannot be doomed or worn down by the shameful wrong of one of its fellow-travelers.

If he should survive, he will have to go on fighting the battle against his rebellious body, month after month, with no other expectation but that this or that muscle might function a bit better, this or that organ operate on an improved scale. But there won't be any money left afterward; there will always be the doubt whether he will be able to continue writing the witty and intelligent and deeply humane books and articles as he did before. Nothing may remain but the triumphant smile of a man to whom there is nothing left but bare life itself.

ERIC P. MOSSE.

New York, N. Y.

NEW EDITIONS

HILAIRE BELLOC, like his great friend Chesterton, often described himself as a hack writer, but W. N. Roughead, editor of "Hilaire Belloc: An Anthology of his Prose and Verse" (Lippincott, $3.50), calls him "the greatest prose writer of our time, and one of our finest poets." The two descriptions may not be as incompatible as they appear at first glance—there once was a hack playwright, who wrote to order, by the name of Shakespeare—but I would play a little safer than Mr. Roughead, by calling Belloc a fine serious poet, a master of light verse, and one of the most eloquent prose writers of our time.

Fluency and force are the hallmarks of his prose. Whether he is describing Danton and his companions on their way to execution, Marie Antoinette confronting her revolutionary judges, Charles of England upon the scaffold, the disastrous charge of France's chivalry at Cressy, rotting corpses on the field of Borodino, the English fireships moving towards the great Armada, Charlemagne's rear guard looking down from Roncesvalles upon the Gascon plain, the ways of the sea with a man and a boat, his own experiences during his period of military service with the French army, or the Great High Mass of Pentecost in the cathedral of Narbonne—indeed, whatever his subject, his words are charged with an almost physical vigor, the sound of them lends fascination and compulsion to their sense, and they evoke images that live visibly before our eyes. To fluency and force we must add fecundity, would we describe Belloc truly. For we may say of him, as he has said of Ronsard: "He had that power which our anemic age can hardly comprehend, of writing, writing, writing, without fear of exhaustion, without irritability or self-criticism, without danger of comparing the better with the worse."

Like Trollope he was a professional to his marrow, passionate in the faith that a writer is worthy of his hire. So strict was he in the practice of this faith that he held it abominable that anyone should ever expect an author, or even a member of an author's family, to give away a copy of one of his books. Or so his son told me many years ago, when we were training together to become fighter pilots in the Royal Flying Corps. "Here are two of my father's books," said young Belloc, "but you must promise never to tell him, when you meet him, that I gave them to you. He would be furious. He is always saying: 'No one expects a tailor to give away suits of clothes, or a bootmaker to give away boots, so why should an author be expected to give away his books?'" I gave my solemn promise, but sadly enough I never had a chance to keep it, for I never met Hilaire Belloc.

MR. Roughead has also made a delightful collection of Belloc's seagoing writings—"On Sailing the Sea" (British Book Centre, $2.25)—that is included in the attractive Mariners Library. Much of "The Cruise of the Nona" is here, and many other selections from a dozen books—all the work of a man who could write with profound conviction: "The sea is the consolation of our day, as it has been the consolation of the centuries . . . The sea is the matrix of creation, and we have the memory of it in our blood."

Other Mariners Library volumes brought us by the British Book Centre are Sidney Howard's "Thames to Tahiti," and "A Gipsy of the Horn," by Rex Clements ($2.25 each). The first is by an amateur yachtsman, who made the voyage described in the title in a thirty-eight-foot auxiliary cutter; the second is an account of an old windjammer's voyage around the world. Both are good reading.

Walter G. Bell's "The Great Plague in London 1665" and "The Great Fire of London 1666" are the most detailed, most readable books on the two great disasters that I know; and the same author's "Unknown London and More About Unknown London" is full of interesting odds and ends of information, collected by a man whose love of his subject never flagged (Macmillan, $5 each). Daudet's "Sappho" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" have been added to the charmingly designed Novel Library (Pantheon, $1.25 each). Macmillan has imported the Library Edition of Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" ($2.50).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

TRAGEDY OF THE UPROOTED

THE material with which George Tabori deals in "Flight Into Egypt"* could scarcely be more ample in its anguish. We, who still live in friendly neighborhoods, in homes unbombed, in places of our choice, with things we have known since childhood or collected as adults, in a country that is ours, confident that tomorrow will be a continuation of today, may complain at times about the present's insecurity. When we do so, however, we speak of grief, worry, and despair as amateurs. We, the rooted, the overprivileged in a world of scattered families, lost homes, and displaced millions, can only guess at the sorrows and humiliations of the uprooted.

Anyone who has seen these people, arriving singly or in groups at railway stations up and down America, often speaking no English, and always searching the faces of waiting crowds for relatives they scarcely remember or sponsors they have never met, knows the dazed, lost, broken look which can be theirs. Pictures in newspapers and magazines have likewise familiarized us with the outward agony of those whose whole pattern of living and hoping has been brutally erased. So have films as bruising as "The Search" and "Germany Year Zero."

Many novels, such as Arthur Koestler's "Thieves in the Night," have led us into the hearts of those fleeing from the life they thought was theirs to find a new life in a new land. In "The Consul" the stage also captured in unforgettable terms the despair and frustration of people clubbed by catastrophe and cut off from their pasts.

The tragedy of the homeless is one of the most hideous and widespread horrors of our time. Yet, terrible as it is, we, the comfortable and the confident, cannot imagine it, in spite of our sympathy, the books we have read, or the pictures we have seen. The sweep of its sorrow is too huge to be comprehended. What is special to the theme itself, and peculiar to the kind of mass suffering it represents, eludes us even as it eludes Mr. Tabori in "Flight Into Egypt."

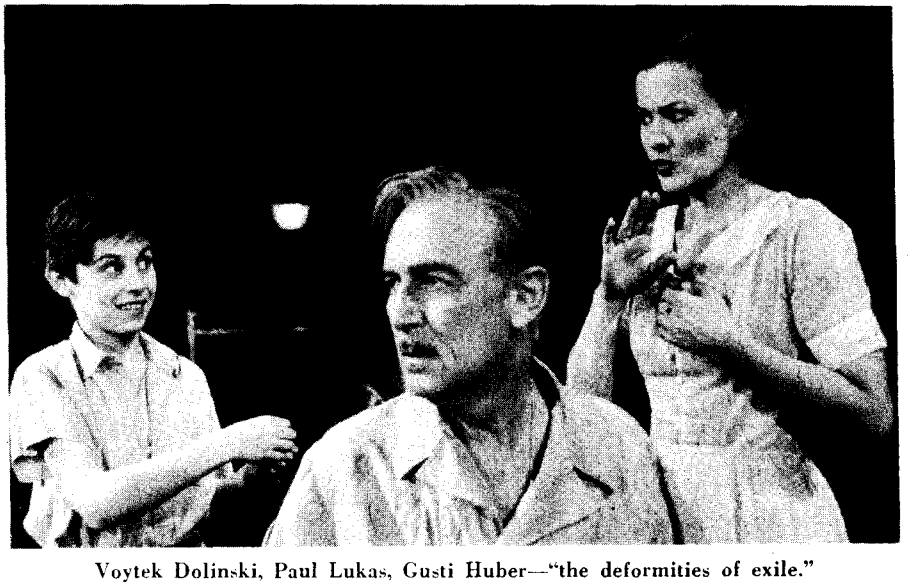
Mr. Tabori is plainly a sensitive and gifted man who has experienced the appalling dislocations of the modern world. He is, too, a writer who can write extremely well. But, though himself a displaced person, even he fails to bring to his subject the genuine illumination which it deserves.

His concern is a homeless Austrian family, a mother, a father, and a young son, centuries old in disillusionment. As victims of recent history, they have found temporary refuge in a squalid hotel in Cairo. The husband is a cripple confined to a wheelchair. His wife is a hardworking woman who seeks to support her family as a dressmaker. They are in debt and, therefore, exposed to all the venality of the corrupt Egyptians and hotel guests with whom they come in contact. They are mainly sustained by the dream of going to America, an America which the husband visualizes in Walt Whitman terms. In order to pay their bills, the wife is driven at last to giving herself to a deformed doctor. At the evening's end the husband, who has learned of her sacrifice, takes poison when he realizes that his condition can only become worse and, hence, rob his wife and son of all chances of escape.

The most interesting problem raised by Mr. Tabori is where the duty and allegiance of his refugee family really lie. Should they, when and if they get their visa, turn their backs on their homeland and head for America? Or should they, as one Viennese acquaintance at the hotel insists, return to Austria, there to make their contributions to the present and the future? I gather, though I am by no means certain because of the fogginess of the final scenes, that when the father dies his wife will follow the wishes of her son and go back to Vienna, to rebuild their lives from the ruins.

When Mr. Tabori is writing about this choice, when he is dealing with the conflict between the husband's hopes and the tugs of obligation and affection mentioned by the Austrian acquaintance, he is at his best. His material then, regardless of the decision reached, is at the very core of his chosen subject. He also knows his lesser people well and sketches them in quickly and vividly. Like Jo Mielziner's multiple set, which admirably creates the look, feel, and smell of a cheap Cairo hotel, these characters are vital aids in establishing a sense of place and atmosphere.

BEYOND this atmosphere and quite apart from the general problem raised, there is the specific situation which Mr. Tabori has chosen to illustrate his theme. His plot, at least to my way of thinking, is not as exclusively dependent upon its subject as it needs to be. Its twists are the result of poverty. Though D.P.'s are poor and being poor is painful and humiliating, poverty is not confined to D.P.'s. Expatriates are not the only men and women who must swallow their pride and borrow or who are threatened with eviction. Certainly desperate wives who "give their all" to support their families antedate the tragic forced migrations



Voytek Dolinski, Paul Lukas, Gusti Huber—"the deformities of exile."

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, a new play by George Tabori. Directed by Elia Kazan. Setting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Anna Hill Johnstone. Presented by Irene Mayer Selznick. With a cast including Paul Lukas, Gusti Huber, Zero Mostel, Paul Mann, Joseph Anthony, Voytek Dolinski, Don Keefer, John Rodney, etc. At the Music Box, New York City. Opened March 18, 1952.

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of the Nazi-Fascist-Communist era. No less certainly an invalided husband, who knows his health is bound to become worse and worse, is not a typical spokesman for the millions of married men who, during these past years, have been driven from their native lands.

Disappointing and confused as it is, there is no denying that "Flight Into Egypt" has its merits. Its dialogue can often claim color, perception, and intensity, even though its short scenes are sometimes as jumpy as if they had been written for a movie scenario rather than for the stage. Elia Kazan has directed it with energy and skill. It is well acted, especially by Gusti Huber as the mother, Paul Lukas as the father, and Voytek Dolinski as the son.

Yet the strange thing is that, in spite of dealing with the most anguishing of materials, Mr. Tabori's play remains throughout stubbornly unmoving. It holds the attention without touching the emotions. Considering its subject, it should be almost unendurable in its tragedy but it is merely interesting. Somehow its griefs, though derived from reality, feed, in William Faulkner's phrase, on no "universal bones." —JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

"ONE Bright Day" is the fairly bald story of an honest drug manufacturer called upon to make an ethical decision which will ruin himself and the community where his plant is located. He must decide whether or not to publicize the newly learned fact that his product

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(although approved by the Food and Drug people) may be fatal to those suffering from nephritis. The play is interesting insofar as it causes its other characters to examine themselves more honestly, but it author, Sigmund Miller, has weighted the scales until the whole business is as unfairly effective as a kidney punch.

Howard Lindsay, as the manufacturer, skilfully avoids the dramatic absurdities inherent in the playing of a completely good man, by a kind of underplaying and thinking ahead of the action. But the important role around which Mr. Miller might have built a genuine father-daughter rediscovery drama is that of the manufacturer's daughter, played politely by Marian Russell. The rest of the characters, while they contribute a few telling sequences (notably Glenn Anders, Walter Matthau, and Bart Burns), are really not much more than set-ups, and this fact robs the final decision of its intended impact.

"One Bright Day" has the ingredients of terramycin, but because of the way they are mixed the final product has little more permanent effectiveness than aspirin.

* * *

"Three Wishes for Jamie" is an "Oklahoma"-"Brigadoon"-type musical about an Irish immigrant who wishes for travel, an angelic wife, and a son who speaks Gaelic. In the end he has to settle for some fairly bleak Georgia backwoods, Anne Jeffreys, and an adopted son who is only half-Irish but overcomes some singularly difficult obstacles to get out three words of the ancient mushy tongue before the final curtain drops.

The trouble here is that the magic qualities so vital to this kind of script are neutralized by a large cast of very realistic people, some painted backdrops that make Georgia cracker country look even drearier than it is, and the dullest set of lyrics to reach Broadway in some time.

John Raitt, as Jamie McRuin, is personable and straightforward and sings in such leather-lunged fashion as to make the mammoth Mark Hellinger Theatre seem too small to hold him. Bert Wheeler and Charlotte Rae manage a few traditionally funny moments, and Peter Conlow comes through with an original and show-stealing comic ballet depicting the tensions of expectant fatherhood. Miles White's costumes are best when they are most fanciful. Fancy, indeed, is the baking powder this kind of musical requires, and lack of it has turned the story of love among the McRuins into unleavened bread.

—Henry Hewes.

SR Recommends

Don Juan in Hell: A return engagement of the brilliant and rarely played interlude from Shaw's "Man and Superman," as it is given a superlative "reading" by such fine actors as Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Moorhead. This offering of the First Drama Quartette is one of the most memorable and stimulating theatrical events in years. (*SR* Nov. 10.)

I Am a Camera: An interesting and sensitive play by John van Druten, based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." Excellently acted by William Prince and Marian Winters, and memorable for Julie Harris's acting that has rightly established her as a star. (*SR* Dec. 22.)

Venus Observed: Some of the faults and all of the virtues of Christopher Fry's joyous poetic release of words and metaphors are present in this comedy in which Mr. Fry is found "coruscating on thin ice." Excellently acted by Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. (*SR* Mar. 1.)

The Shrike: An absorbing and truly frightening melodrama about a man trapped in a psychiatric ward of a city hospital brilliantly acted and directed by José Ferrer. (*SR* Feb. 9.)

Point of No Return: An agreeable and sympathetic dramatization by Paul Osborn of John Marquand's novel. Admirable performances by Henry Fonda, Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Robert Ross, and Frank Conroy. (*SR* Jan. 5.)

Jane: A comedy which has been widely and enthusiastically praised for the urbanity and polish of S. N. Behrman's writing and performances by Edna Best and Howard St. John. (*SR* Feb. 16)

Mrs. McThing: An ingratiating whimsey about an overly good rich boy who learns how to be human again. Written by Mary Chase, the author of "Harvey." The ideas may be better than the phrasing and the production makeshift, but the play is one that all members of most families are certain to enjoy, especially as acted by Helen Hayes, Brandon de Wilde, and Lydia Reed. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

Golden Boy: A widely acclaimed revival with John Garfield of a drama by Clifford Odets which in the eyes of most observers seems even better now than it did when first produced. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

Stalag 17: An exciting and hilarious comedy-melodrama about some American airmen in a German prison camp. Skilfully acted. (*SR* May 26.)

The King and I: Another Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein triumph and one of the outstanding and most tasteful musical comedies of our time. Everything about it is right, especially Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner. (*SR* Apr. 14.)

Guys and Dolls: Another musical of a very different kind but of the same distinction. In this case a Damon Runyon story has been brought to the stage in a stylized and delectable form which could not be bettered. (*SR*, Dec. 23, 1950.)

Pal Joey: A delightful revival, with Harold Lang and Vivienne Segal, of a modern musical blessed with a diamond-hard, diamond-bright book by John O'Hara and some of the best of Rodgers's and Hart's songs. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

Call Me Madam: In the amusing Irving Berlin-Lindsay and Crouse musical, the great, the one and only, Ethel Merman in topnotch form as an American Ambassadress. Last weeks. (*SR* Oct. 28, 1950.)

South Pacific: With Martha Wright and George Britton heading the cast, this Rodgers and Hammerstein triumph, staged with such color and vigor by Joshua Logan, remains one of the most beloved current hits. (*SR* Apr. 30, 1949.)

—J. M. B.

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SR Goes to the Movies

MR. MAUGHAM, MR. GUINNESS, AND MR. ELIOT

MR. MAUGHAM wonders aloud, during the opening moments of "Encore" (Paramount), if movie audiences aren't getting a little weary of looking at him. Rather bothersome for them, he felt, that he should show up first in "Quartet" and then in "Trio" and now again. Perhaps they'd like to look at the garden of his Cap d'Antibes villa? So we see his flowers, and also his swimming pool, a very handsome swimming pool. Well, I was grateful for the short tour around the grounds, but I was anxious to get back to Mr. Maugham. Sure enough, he's his usual charming self, and the movies he introduces have the qualities that we are by now, happily, accustomed to. Like "Trio," they are a group of three, all held together by Mr. Maugham's gracious talks on how the original short stories happened to be written. And many of the people who were seen in earlier Maugham movies are here again in this one.

Nigel Patrick and Roland Culver play in a story about two brothers, "The Ant and the Grasshopper." The ant (Roland Culver) works hard and respectably for the material rewards of life, while the grasshopper (Patrick) is a ne'er-do-well who meanders along a frolicsome, irresponsible path and achieves a beautiful, charming, and immensely wealthy wife and life. The Maugham irony is typical, and Patrick and Culver illustrate it richly.

The best of the three, to my taste, is "Winter Cruise." It's a delight and a gem, and it has in it Kay Walsh, one of the best of the British actresses. Here she is an extremely talkative spinster on a holiday from her Liverpool tea shop, out to get the most from her winter cruise to the Bahamas. Through a combination of circumstances, the ship's officers find her the only passenger on board during the return trip to Liverpool. Their very understandable problem is how to keep her quiet, and the method they hit upon is both hilarious and touching. Noel Purcell, Ronald Squire, and John Laurie do a great deal to keep the fun going, and Anthony Pelissier's direction is first rate.

It is only "Gigolo and Gigolette," the last of the three, that faintly disappoints. Glynis Johns, who gets my vote as one of the most accomplished and attractive young actresses in England *or* America, has the role of a

. . —*From "The Man in the White Suit."*
Alec Guinness—"extraordinary talents."

daredevil high diver, but the story makes a sentimental point that was not in the Maugham original. Miss Johns earns bread for herself and her husband by risking her life twice nightly on the terrace of a Monte Carlo hotel. She is always filled with understandable trepidation when she makes an eighty-foot dive into a circular tank below, but when she begins to have doubts about her husband's love the trepidations turn into premonitions of approaching doom. The trouble is, the husband is colorless and unattractive to such a strong degree that one constantly wonders why Miss Johns risks her throaty voice and pretty limbs for him. Or why he would allow her to. The whole thing filled me with morbid doubts of my own, and none of them were quite satisfied when Miss Johns's head bobs up in the pool after that last successful leap. Eric Ambler, who did the screenplay, did Mr. Maugham wrong, I'm afraid, or maybe it was some producer lurking behind the ladder who said, "Now look, we've got to end this on a lighter note, *please*." Nevertheless, it has its good moments and even gets in some satiric comment on audiences that enjoy watching daredevils flirt with disaster.

EALING Studios, too, has provided an encore of sorts, for they have followed "The Lavender Hill Mob" with another movie utilizing the extraordinary comic talents of Alec Guinness. "The Man in the White Suit" (Universal) is so clever in its story and filled with so much whimsical invention that I was unable for some time to decide which I liked better, this or the predecessor. Guinness is a much younger man this time, and he has an even bigger idea in his head than the mere robbing of a million pounds from the Bank of England. He wants to invent an artificial fabric that will never wear out and that has the additional advantage of repelling dirt, stains, and moisture. The consequences for the British textile industry are—it proves when he does invent the fabric—absolutely enormous. The representatives of both capital and labor get highly upset, and naive Mr. Guinness (when it comes to matters not pertaining to his research) must dodge first the one and then the other of them, with both finally in hot pursuit. The satire is rich and pointed, but—after lengthy consideration on my part—not quite so funny as "The Lavender Hill Mob." Perhaps because of the very pointedness of the satire.

Joan Greenwood and Cecil Parker are to be seen prominently, sometimes for and sometimes against Mr. Guinness. Roger MacDougall thought up this fine idea, and we must not neglect the special effects expert, Sydney Pearson, who designed the white wonder suit. The invention of the Guinness invention is another matter deserving comment. This is an array of test-tube apparatus that makes the most peculiar noise ever heard on a sound-track. Whenever you hear it you know Guinness is somewhere in the neighborhood, working hard on that artificial fabric. Alexander MacKendrick helped create the sound, a rhythmic one that should eventually be as popular as the zither tune in "The Third Man," and he managed to find time for part of the writing chore and for directing the movie.

T. S. ELIOT has turned screenwriter for, I believe, the first time in his illustrious career, and I fear it may have been a mistake. Although I haven't seen "Murder in the Cathedral" performed on a stage, others I have talked to tell me it is an impressive experience. As a film (Classic Pictures) it is one of the most solid bores I have yet to come across, the static qualities of the play being enhanced and magnified in the version that George Hoellering has produced and directed. To begin with, I have an innate distrust of any movie that starts out by allowing the camera to poke lasciviously around a piece of statuary, and there is a great deal of such poking about in this film. There is also much lighting and snuffing of candles by a group of Canterbury

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women with utterly dreary expressions on their faces. They have, it seems, intimations of the coming immortality of Thomas Beckett, their archbishop, and so does he. Father John Groser recites him efficiently enough, but while the elegant speech and poetry of Mr. Eliot is being heard, the camera has a way of standing stock still for as much as half a minute at a time, or else slowly creeping up on him so remorselessly that one feels like calling, "Watch out, it's coming closer!" For variation Mr. Hoellering has tossed in some shots of the sea, waves pounding in towards shore, that have a mystic symbolism beyond me. The argument between temporal and spiritual power seems singularly dreary as presented here, and the rituals and rites that were probably effective on the stage only slow the film down all the more. I have strong admiration for the poetic drama that Mr. Eliot wrote, but in its transference to the screen he and Mr. Hoellering have failed to take account of the irritating fact that in a movie the pictures are really more important than the words. The words embellish often enough, but it's seldom the other way around. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Encore: Reviewed in this issue.

The Man in the White Suit: Reviewed in this issue.

My Six Convicts: Prison lore based on Donald Powell Wilson's book of same name. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

Deadline—U.S.A.: For once, a true-to-life film about the newspaper profession. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Belle of New York: Fred Astaire as nimble as ever, with some captivating Currier & Ives backdrops. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

The Magic Garden: A light-hearted comedy from South Africa, with a plot compounded of miracles and a substratum of satire. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

Navajo: American Indians in conflict and contact with mid-century USA. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

5 *Fingers*: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual clichés of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

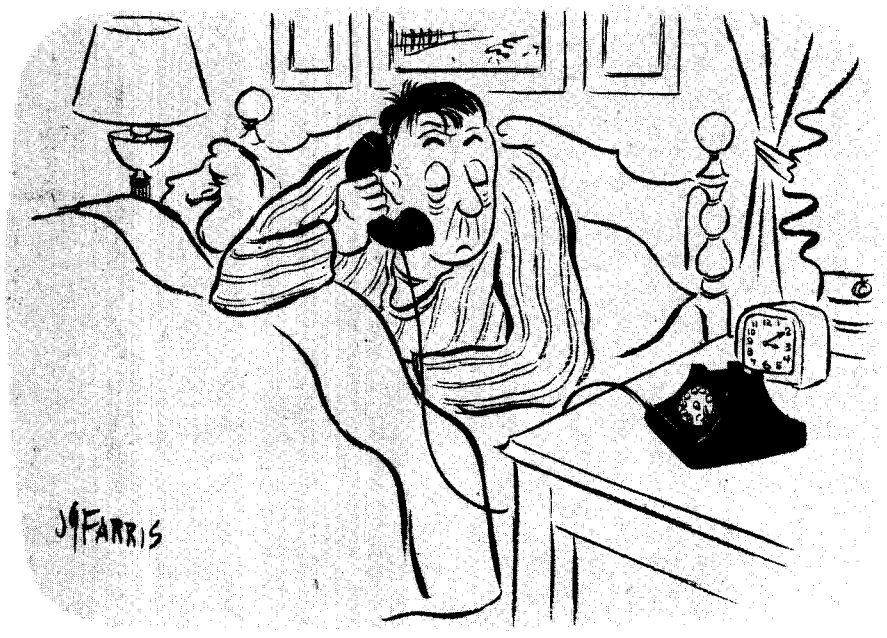
Decision Before Dawn: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SR* Dec. 29.)

Death of a Salesman: An honest, dignified filming of one of the decade's most moving plays. (*SR* Dec. 22.)

The Young and the Damned: Luis Bunuel's enlightened and enlightening study of Mexico's juvenile delinquents, reviewed here under its original title, "Los Olvidados." (*SR* Sept. 15.)

TV and Radio

I'M SORRY, DEAR



"Hello—this is the Mallop Night Radio Listener's Survey. Are you awake?"

SEVERAL devoted fans of these erudite essays have sent letters to *The Saturday Review*, not necessarily addressed to me, but the editors in their infinite wisdom routed the letters my way when they came across salutations such as idiot, moron, ignorant, and the ever dependable hole-in-the-head. The descriptions fitted no other contributor to this classic booklet.

The letters are in connection with a moronic piece I wrote here some weeks ago about a poll conducted in Cincinnati among 1,000 children. The poll showed that 860 children were watching Milton Berle on television, and 310 children were watching Frank Sinatra. Since these two shows are on at the same hour on the same evening, I—like an idiot—added 860 and 310 and got 1,170. At that point the thought passed through the hole in my head that here was a poll which proved that 1,170 out of 1,000 were watching television that night.

I got the same fatuous thought about the Groucho Marx show and "Stop the Music," which appear opposite each other, in which the number of children watching was greater than the 1,000 questioned. The same bewildering thing happened in several other instances in the poll.

However, the bewilderment has been dispelled, and I wish to make abject amends now that I have been enlightened, thanks to my readers. All four of them. Four letters may seem a small sample for a survey to prove my idiocy, but since there were *no* letters corroborating my line of reasoning, I must accept these four as a cross-section of my readers. A very cross section. And I wish to pass on to you the solution to this "mystifying illusion" of 1,170 children out of 1,000 watching television at the same time. (Ha, ha.) I can laugh now because it all seems so simple since it has been explained to me.

Twenty-five per cent of the letters received (one) came from a Mr. Kenneth O'Meara, Caribbean Imports, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Please read it:

> Gentlemen: On January 26th Goodman Ace demonstrated he has a hole in his head you could drive a truck through . . . Ace is convulsed at his discovery that some children appear to be watching two simultaneous programs at once. Now like all mystifying tricks this one is ridiculously simple upon being explained; but for a so-called TV critic not to see through the trick—my word! . . . He better find out about kinescopes. Sure, Uncle Miltie and Frankie Boy may be working the same shift in New York, but there are a heck of a lot of places where they can be seen at different hours and on different days.

Kinescope, of course! That's the filmed version of a television show which can be played in any city on any day and at any hour. To have

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written what I did without investigating that angle is sheer journalistic malfeasance. This clears up everything. Berle could appear in Cincinnati at eight o'clock Tuesday evening, while Sinatra could be shown at another hour, and vice versa. So, with kinescope it is entirely logical that 860 Cincinnati children were watching Berle, and 310 watching Sinatra. And that total of 1,170 which I moronically pointed out disappears. Well, that settles that.

Incidentally, after receiving Mr. O'Meara's letter I investigated the situation in Cincinnati and I find the two shows are *not* kinescoped, and *are* playing opposite each other Tuesday nights at eight o'clock, but I'm happy with Mr. O'Meara's solution and the 1,170 children are not going to worry me any more.

Fifty per cent of the letters (2), both from New York City, suggest I take a course in radio and television research. A Mr. Richard Paige, of 426 West 18th Street, asks *The Saturday Review* to pay my tuition fee for such a course at Columbia University or City College. A Mr. George K. Schueller, of 336 Riverside Drive, offers to pay the tuition himself. It is interesting to note in these two samples that New York residents south of Fifty-seventh Street are not as generous as those north of that street. This has nothing to do with the problem, but it is an interesting bit of research.

The other letter is from a Mr. Tom Olsen in Washington, D. C., and he shyly begins his letter with "Goodman Ace is an idiot." Then he goes on to point out that television sets are equipped so that the owners can switch from one station to the other and thus see part of each of the two programs.

I like that kind of thinking. I'll buy that. That's it. The children switch from one station to the other, hear both programs in part, and when asked what they were watching last night report that they saw both Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra. That explains that total of 1,170 I keep getting. It could have been as high as 2,000 if every one of the 1,000 children switched from one station to the other. I like that solution.

Of course, I don't know how well that third station in Cincinnati is going to like it. Oh, didn't I tell you there's a third channel out there? There is, you know, and come to think of it, fellows, if all 2,000 of the 1,000 children are watching the other two stations, how many thousand does that leave for—well, I better not go into that. That old idiotic feeling's coming over me again.

—Goodman Ace.

The Film Forum

HOW-TO-DO-IT AND HOW NOT

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films**

SAFE DRIVING Series. *Three films produced and distributed for purchase by Coronet Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Illinois. For rental consult nearby* SRL *Film Referral Libraries.**

Like the Ford series reviewed below, these are much-needed instructional films on the careful and competent operation of an automobile. A thread of story connects the three ten-minute films: a young boy takes his driver's test, earns a motor trip with his father, and gets a chance to show his skill on mountain and desert roads. The films seem particularly well-suited for high school learners, my only complaint about them (and the Ford films too) being that I got dizzy from the many shots taken inside moving automobiles, which made the streets and highways look like roller-coasters. Titles of the three Coronet films are "Fundamental Skills," "Streets and Highways," and "Advanced Skills and Problems." Each is about ten minutes long and is available in color or black-and-white.

DRIVER EDUCATION Series. *Six films produced by MPO and distributed for loan and purchase by the Motion Picture Dept., Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.*

These storyless demonstration films, made with the counsel of a committee of safety educators, are easily recommended to veteran and beginning drivers. The titles are self-explanatory: "Parking the Car," "Driving in the City," "Driving on the Highway," "Driving at Night," "Care of the Car," and "Driving Under Adverse Conditions." Each is about ten minutes long. The films give sensible and considerate advice on sane driving in what is usually rather insane traffic. Now how about a film series to arouse people to analyze and *do something* about their local traffic troubles?

CANYON COUNTRY. *Produced and distributed for free loan by the Motion Picture Dept., Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.* (15 *min. color*)

One of a series of vacation-travel films about our Western national parks, this one is generally pleasant to look at but annoying to the ear. It tours the Grand Canyon area with pictorial side-views of such phenomena as the Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Monument Valley, etc. It enhances the pleasures of motor travel, but fails rather obviously to increase the value of travel films. Others in the series are "Yellowstone," "Skillfully Yours," "Nature's Cameo," "Rainbow of the Desert," and "Glacier National Park" (the last three in black-and-white).

HOW TO CATCH A COLD. *Produced by Walt Disney Productions, sponsored by* ***Kleenex Tissues, and*** *distributed for free loan by Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.* (10 *min., color*).

Some serious pointers about cold prevention and care are administered with some commendable touches of Disney whimsy. The scene for the most part is the bedroom of a common man with a common cold, and the narrator is his tiny *alter ego*, common sense. On the whole the film is worthwhile and fun—especially for groups that have to rely often on free films to keep their programs going. There is some advertising, but it never seems overdone or distasteful.

THE CHALLENGE. *Produced by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Committee (and other groups). Distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.* (30 *min.*)

The startling opening shots of the film shows a colored man shot down by white men on a country lane; in his hand he clutches a poll tax receipt. At the jury trial the killers are dismissed with a quick "not guilty," and two reporters wonder why. They decide to write a series of articles on civil rights. "The Challenge," based on the Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights, falls down at this point, and never quite gets to its feet again. Around the country they interview men who have been victims of discrimination—men who cannot get admitted into professional schools, who can't get jobs, who are excluded from voting or from owning certain properties. Then we are told what we can do to correct such wrongs, to preserve democracy at home, for no one group can do it alone. It's all true and all good, but what a shame that such important ideas come across in the film with so little vigor.

A PROFESSIONAL PORTRAIT. *Produced by Wilding Pictures and available for free loan from the National Highway Users Conference, 952 National Press Bldg., Washington 4, D.C.* (32 *min.*)

Another newspaper man goes out to get his story, and it seems that every time it happens he ends up as leading man in a script. So far this year it has happened to about twelve newspaper-men. Well, this particular newspaper-man discovers that truck drivers are not a bad lot; they're generally careful drivers, reliable people, and important workers in the over-all scheme of things. I believed it all after seeing the film, in spite of the presence of the note-taking reporter. —Cecile Starr.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Music to My Ears

"DON CARLO" RESTORED, WITH ASSISTANCE — FLAGSTAD AND WALTER

PEOPLE who read with disbelief of the censorship applied during Verdi's lifetime to such works as "Rigoletto" and "Ballo in Maschera" should ponder the fact that at the season's first performance of "Don Carlo" at the Metropolitan patrons peacefully concerned with a work of art had to make their approach to the theatre through a picket line. Though the work was written eighty-five years ago, concerning events of the sixteenth century, it was, apparently, the intent of those who protested it as a "mockery of religion" to make it a matter of current concern.

Contrary to customary practice, the signs did not identify the protesting groups. They did, however, denounce the Metropolitan for "Sovietizing" the theatre—whatever distorted notion that was meant to convey—and for discharging "Italian" artists on behalf of others not thus tainted. As luck would have it this particular cast offered in key parts such unmistakably Italian artists as Fedora Barbieri (Eboli), Cesare Siepi (Philip II), and Paolo Silveri (Roderigo). No matter; the palpable absurdity merely piled higher the total ignorance manifest in the attitude toward "Don Carlo" itself.

These are nervous times, to be sure, but if those whose sensitivities are riled by "Don Carlo" are allowed to have their way it will be merely another instance of a noisy minority corrupting a complacent majority. We may next expect the Public Library to be picketed for secreting such "mockeries of religion" as Schiller's original play, or the Metropolitan Museum of Art for containing Goyas and El Grecos.

On the night of "Don Carlo" *this* Metropolitan "museum" was alive with the vitality of Verdi's thought, conveyed by an excellent cast strongly directed by Fritz Stiedry. All concerned had been heard at one time or another last season, but all were more at ease with the duties required of them, working in uncommon unity toward a common purpose. It was a pleasure to welcome back the robust voice of Jussi Bjoerling, and a revelation to hear Delia Rigal sing a whole role squarely on pitch and with consistent control of her promising, but previously intractable, voice. Siepi's maturing Philip and Hotter's imposing Inquisitor added dignity to a production which retained, on reinspection, all the impact it had when new.

* * *

Concerning minorities and majorities, the acceptance of Kirsten Flagstad by the mass of music lovers has provided for all and sundry a triumphant demonstration of her unquestioned supremacy as a vocal artist. What kind of preparation she indulged in prior to her Philharmonic Symphony appearances with Bruno Walter I do not know (she sang the Gluck "Alcestis" on Wednesday); but her domination of the "Immolation" Scene from "Götterdämmerung" was complete and undeviating. Perhaps the subtlest indication of Mme Flagstad's mastery was the bodily repose and lack of extraneous gesture with which she flung out tone of amazing force and clarity. If she is determined not to sing publicly in the future it would be a notable service if she would take on a working relation to such an institution as the Juilliard, to pass on her knowledge of the singer's art.

For that matter, Walter performed a notable service in making the orchestra sound something like it can under knowing and persuasive leadership. The Philharmonic can be depended on for an occasion, and this one did not find them wanting, either in the C major Symphony of Schu-

Kirsten Flagstad—"amazing force."

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bert or the background for the Wagner scene. Prior to the "Immolation" Flagstad sang the "Wesendonck" songs of Wagner with Walter at the piano. These are less than ideal for her voice, but the molding of phrase and line was exceptional.

* * *

The sequence of events interposed Mme Flagstad's heroic voice between the time of hearing the City Center's opening performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" and the notation of these remarks about it. But, with or without the acute comparison, the singing of Marquita Moll could hardly be rated as more than a miniature Marschallin, however sweetly she looked or however appealing was the idea of this young singer making her stage debut in a part that calls for all the craft and dramatic illusion the most experienced artist can bring to it. Those who have a mental image of Miss Moll from one or another of her concert appearances would have to revise it considerably, for she has slimmed drastically—tonally, one fancies, as well as physcially.

"Rosenkavalier" has always impressed me as a vain undertaking at the City Center, with its confining orchestra pit, shallow stage, and unsuitable personnel. Frances Bible as Octavian and Virginia Haskins as Sophie were relatively adequate—in the reduced dimensions of this performance—but I cannot give much consent to the common admiration of James Pease as Ochs. I find him vocally constrained and dramatically unconvincing—a possibly good Faninal badly overmatched with the requirements of Ochs. Since, as we remarked at the outset, majorities rather than minorities have the dominating power in this society. Pease's license to ply his trade as Ochs, Don Giovanni, Figaro, and Hans Sachs is safe from my dissent.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

THE USA & THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 15*)

Hurst. They are credited only with having drawn up "a provisional text ready to serve as a basis for the labours of the committee." They did much more than this and credit should go to them without any lessening of the tributes to Wilson, House, Cecil, and Smuts. The second criticism is one in which most readers will not share. This is the absence of footnote references. For this work is soundly based on years of historical research, as well as upon the personal experience of the author who, as Deputy Secretary General of the League of Nations, shared not a little in the responsibility for shaping the actual conduct of the work of the League.

The conclusion from this history is that the League of Nations was not an experiment in idealism, but the embodiment of realistic polity—the only kind on which the enduring structure of civilization can be built.

USA & World Notes

DOCUMENTS ON GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY. 1918-1945. Series D (1937-1945), Vol. III and IV. Government Printing Office, Washington: $3.25 each. In the decade after World War I German historians helped dissolve the thesis of German war guilt by editing *"Die grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette,* 1871-1914" in forty volumes. After World War II the victors took the initiative and exposed the diplomatic record of the vanquished. Archives of the German Foreign Ministry, captured despite orders from Berlin to destroy them, have been collated by British, French, and American scholars, and are being published "on the basis of the highest scholarly objectivity" to establish "the record of German foreign policy preceding and during World War II."

Volume III of Series D covers "Germany and the Spainsh Civil War, 1936-1939." The documents included are the most revealing yet available on Hitler's relations with Franco. They show how successfully German and Italian diplomats nullified the efforts of the Non-Intervention Committee to limit foreign interference in Spain. Volume IV, "The Aftermath of Munich: October 1938—March 1939," covers six months instead of three years and has a broader international focus. The opening chapter of nearly 300 pages documents Hitler's betrayal of the Munich settlement and his success in undermining the truncated Czechoslovak state until he could absorb it. The remaining half of this volume comprises six chapters on German relations with Britain, France, Italy, the Holy See, the Soviet Union, the United States, and the Far East, from October 1938 to March 1939. The documents are allowed to speak for themselves with all important notes and marginalia included, and a parallel series in German will be published, enabling those who so desire to check the translation.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

BRAIN-WASHING IN RED CHINA. By Edward Hunter Vanguard Press. $3.50. Although it is sometimes customary in a review to compare current books with others of like kind that have preceded them, it is impossible to do so in the present case. Mr. Hunter, a veteran freelance in the Far East, who files copy for *Newsweek, The New Leader,* and two newspaper chains, has staked out new territory, and has made exploratory tracks in which others are already following. Appearing in a field in which passionately deluded "scholars" have meticulously documented fantasy, this soberly exciting book represents a return to reality. It therapeutically removes the Chinese Communists from the heavens to which they were transported by rhapsodists who sang themselves, and not a few others, into delirium. "Brain-Washing in Red China" is an essential book for those who, having belatedly learned of Lenin's dictum that the Communist road to Paris lies through Peking, sincerely want to save Paris, Asia, and what remains of the non-Communist world.

What the author has done so revealingly is to probe Communist China's present and future role in Asia by learning all he could about the effort now being made to alter the thinking processes of the masses, in preparation for what the regime tirelessly refers to as the "All-Asia War," a war which is already in the hot stage in Korea, Indo-China, Malaya, and elsewhere.

The key term in the book is "brain-washing," and while it is harsh on the ear it is not the coinage of a sensational journalist. In quest of understanding of this disturbing phenomenon, Hunter interviewed numerous Asian refugees at length. He studied Red Chinese publications, cartoon books, textbooks. He examined diaries captured from Chinese guerrillas. He pored over the demagogic scripts of the Red Chinese agit-prop theatre. He correlated his findings with what

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he personally witnessed in trips to various Asian trouble-spots. The impressive result is a pioneer journalistic study of a brutal reality-distorting indoctrination system. The book is more: it is the most striking, and terrifying, portrait we have had to date of the methods and aims in Asia of the Russian Communst.

Were the author making one narrow point in his book, had he several pet theses, the reviewer would have no difficulty in briefly reproducing his argument, and perhaps the reader "who knows all about it" would not have to read the book. But Mr. Hunter's concern is not with lifelessly telling us what the Red Chinese regime does to the people it rules. The great virtue of the book is that, at each step, the author shares his sources with us, shows us the passages from the arrogantly aggressive documents that he has read, lets us hear the conversations he has heard, makes us one of a mob that governmental rabble-rousers are inciting to frenzy, lets us examine for ourselves the pages of the captured diaries. This book, therefore, is not so much an account as a process. It is the first textbook in "brain-washing" to be put before the American public.

—JULIEN STEINBERG.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

who sought to run his business for him, to bring in new-fangled efficiency and to change his pattern by treating men as human beings instead of tools for the further enrichment of the Konrad coffers.

Through all these trials the strong-willed Konrad pursues his iron way until he finds one day that the empire he built is slipping from his grasp. The causes are not hard to find: none of his sons possessed the fire and the drive of their father; none really cared for the business of meat and money and blood anyway. There was William, who stayed in the business, but he was a lightweight really. And Francis, who wrote horrible verse, was a weakling who could never make up his mind. On his deathbed in 1950 the elder Konrad remains the stubborn individualist who resisted to the bitter end the revolution in human relationships that has made the Chicago stockyards of today a decent place for men of dignity to earn their living.

Mr. Morris tells his story in undistinguished prose. It plods occasionally, and occasionally it races. The stockyard's sights and smells and sounds are skilfully evoked. The changing panorama of Chicago over the forty-five-year period covered by the novel is handled adequately. The characterization leaves something to be desired, for while the men are generally believable, the women are thinly portrayed. Over all, the character of Adolph Konrad towers, ruthless and somehow majestic, half good, half evil, the symbol of a philosophy we shall not welcome back again.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ORIENTALS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten Oriental characters in literature whose experiences are briefly described below. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the author or the story, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. In order to get possession of an oil-saving formula, this Japanese secret agent perpetrated a variety of crimes, but was surprisingly affable when he learned the formula had been destroyed.
2. This Chinese euchre player discovered he could not win even by slipping twenty-four packs of cards up his sleeve.
3. Convinced that her American husband had deserted her, this outcast Japanese girl pierced her neck with her father's sword and died as her purple-eyed baby cooed in her lap.
4. He was Lord High Executioner of Titipu but he never beheaded anyone.
5. When four tricked airplane passengers landed in the valley of Blue Moon, they were welcomed by this well-preserved and magnanimous Chinese nonagenarian.
6. This son of a poor Chinese tailor found that he could do the impossible with the right kind of lamp.
7. This frail Japanese sculptor worked himself to death producing statues of plaster which were so enormous they had to be removed from his studio in sections.
8. In Abalone, Arizona, this Chinese circus owner presented his show, the principal attractions of which were mythological characters.
9. This Chinese inspector in Honolulu was called into the case after four persons had been murdered during a world tour.
10. A penchant for playing with fire led to the discovery by this Chinese lad of a wonderful way to cook pork.

Fiction Notes

LEGACY FOR OUR SONS. By Garth Hale. Dutton. $3. Garth Hale, who has an impressive batch of popular and readable novels to his credit, has for this effort shelved his novelistic skill in favor of sounding off on a number of personal and political prejudices. The list of things that Mr. Hale doesn't like in present-day America is formidable and far too long for full enumeration here. Chief hates are labor unions, government regulation of—pronounced "interference with"—practically everything (including, one presumes, mail delivery), and what Mr. Hale sees as an ominous drift toward Socialism. While there are undoubtedly a substantial number of citizens who share Mr. Hale's concerns and fears and will enjoy his choleric animadversions, an even larger number will be wondering what became of the novel they were hopefully looking for when they opened the book. Whatever of this has not been squeezed out by the editorials concerns the rise and fall of Harrison Day, who blusters and bullies his way into a comfortably high niche in the railroad industry only to come up against those aforenoted devils. He also has troubles with his son, because another thing that is wrong with Mr. Hale's world is—fasten your safety belts—that ol' debbil, "the younger generation."

THE TIME AND THE PLACE. By Robert Paul Smith. Simon & Schuster. $3. The bright young publishing genius, with a wife and kiddies in Suburbia and a free-wheeling approach to life generally, struggles with his conscience in this fourth novel by Robert Paul Smith. Question: Should he publish a bad book by a good author just because he knows it will sell? Second question: What shall he do about Mary with whom he has fallen in love, since he is still very much in love with his wife? These problems are worked out to an accompanying

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flow of quantities of liquor and bright conversation and against an assortment of sharply etched New York backgrounds. There's the Village, the publisher's office, the smart hotel, and the not-so-smart hotel, and the intimate restaurant. The hero, Paul Marrane, is a little too brash for my taste but believable enough, and his various ladies are lovely if not quite as believable. Mr. Smith still writes in a style that recalls the early Hemingway with glitter added, and his characters all converse with the punchy drive of professional wits. It makes for fast and entertaining reading, but you find yourself wishing that Mr. Smith would slow down and really grapple with some of the ideas he tosses off so briskly.

THE RIDING MASTER. By H. C. Branner. Translated by A. I. Roughton. British Book Centre. $2.25. This novel, translated from the Danish, is often faintly, and not entirely pleasantly, reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence, particularly of Lawrence when he was carried away by his *mystique*. The characters are a complex lot, bound to each other by various carnal ties and by their common interest in the dead riding master. Principal is Suzanne, mistress of the doctor of the town, who had loved the riding master. She is put through a rugged set of paces in the day the novel covers: she withstands a rape attempt by the violent Herman who had succeeded the dead riding master, a homosexual assault by Michala, who had also loved him, and she has to go through interminable conversations with her lover-doctor, in which both of them say

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 459

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 459 will be found in the next issue.

MARY WAND FYPCBKAD;

WYX OAF'X INMM OAZF

WAND BYOCY.

—KYFSJEPF QDJFTMPF.

Answer to Crypt No. 458

Always mistrust a subordinate who never finds fault with his superior.

—JOHN C. COLLINS.

nothing—portentously. There is quite a good deal of symbolic talk about horses and at various times a number of the characters think that maybe they are horses. This little bit of Freudian by-play is never quite worked out satisfactorily, but then neither is anything else in the book which, despite the theatrical violence of some of the scenes, maintains a deadly static quality. This isn't aided by one peculiar mannerism of the author. At fairly regular intervals, in the midst of a conversation heavy with symbolic overtones, a character goes and stares out the window. I think they wanted out. So did I.

QUIVERING EARTH. By Wilma Russ. David McKay. $3. The Florida Everglades, in the period before the swamps were converted into lagoons and the alligators into pocketbooks, provide the setting for this regional novel of primitive life and a young girl growing up in the wilderness. Keeta had been abandoned after a Seminole raid when she was only a baby, and Pop Gundyhill, an aged derelict, had brought her up in the depths of the Everglade country. The first part of the book is concerned with Keeta's learning and struggling with the ways of nature. Later, as civilization reaches out, bringing fishermen and cattle herders, we see Keeta growing into maturity, struggling now to adjust to this new way of life as well as to handle her own personal life.

Miss Russ has provided a love story that is pretty contrived but not too obtrusive. It shouldn't distract you from some very nice nature descriptions, a lusty gang of secondary characters, and a general atmosphere of earthy wholesomeness which is pleasantly refreshing.

NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES. By Susan Yorke. Harcourt, Brace. $3. Peter Frame, the hero of Susan Yorke's second novel, is a sort of masculine counterpart of the *femme fatale*, a real dream-boat, beautiful as sin and a devil with the ladies. Three of the ladies—his sister, his mistress, and his wife—give us successive views into his not-too-interesting life, all of which is conducted in an atmosphere of department-store elegance that is rather overpowering. The end, where the mistress and the wife join forces to pitch his dead body out of a high window, is in keeping with the fervid doings that have gone before. The writing of this is slick, highly charged, and only occasionally ungrammatical.

CONSCIENCE OF THE KING. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann. $3. The irony—not to say cynicism—that is the most engaging attribute of Mr. Duggan's light-hearted excursion into fifth-century British history, begins with the title. For the King had no conscience; he also had no morals and no principles. He was, in other words, ideally suited to that quarrelsome time when the Saxon hordes were invading the British Isles, contending with the Romans for control, and laying the foundations for the British Empire and its royal house. Cedric Elesing—hero and narrator of the tale—was, in Mr. Duggan's account, born Coroticus, a Roman of Britain. Ambitious, he murders his brother to secure succession to his father's throne. When this doesn't work, he deserts to the side of the invading Saxons, leads one group against his father, indulges in a lot of treacherous intrigue, and finally works his way up to becoming founder and king of Wessex. He has had to kill his wife and another brother, and betray quite a number of allies in the process. But he remains cheerfully unregenerate throughout, a delightful opportunist, and one of the more charming villains of recent fiction.

Mr. Duggan's reconstruction of this dark and little known period of British history is believably circumstantial and full of convincing and entertaining detail. But it is his happy conception of the conscienceless king and his practical chicanery that will contribute most to your enjoyment.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Moto, in "No Hero," by John P. Marquand. 2. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte. 3. Cho-Cho-San, in "Madame Butterfly," by John Luther Long. 4. Ko-Ko, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert. 5. Chang, in "Lost Horizon," by James Hilton. 6. Aladdin, in "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," from "The Arabian Nights." 7. Mr. Katamoto, in "You Can't Go Home Again," by Thomas Wolfe. 8. Dr. Lao, in "The Circus of Dr. Lao," by Charles G. Finney. 9. Charlie Chan, in "Charlie Chan Carries On," by Earl Derr Biggers. 10. Bo-bo, in "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.

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MANKIND FROM A NEW SUMMIT

(*Continued from page 10*)

Lincoln without the Americans, Lenin without the Russians, Gandhi without the Indians, and Churchill without the British—each would be different and all, as they are now known, would be unknown. A people may be understood as an aggregate of individuals who recognize themselves as sharing a common past, experiencing a common present, and expecting a common future. "Peoples" are, therefore, the grand units of mankind. But peoples live with one another through the exchange of commodities, by sharing information, ideas, and beliefs, by communicating their experiences to one another through travel and in art and literature, and, indeed, in conflicts which, however destructive they may be, bring new elements into the lives of both victors and vanquished. The totality of these relationships establishes a community among peoples. In "The History of Mankind" as planned by the Commission the fact of diversity will appear in the recognition of peoples, while the fact of universality will appear in the development of community. Thus, through community the Commission sees individuals becoming persons, persons becoming peoples, and peoples becoming mankind.

These conceptions have led to the organization of the "History" as a whole in six volumes and each volume in three parts. Each of the six volumes treats of a phase of the human career in which certain peoples and the relations among them can be distinguished. The treatment in each volume begins with the identification of the peoples, with clear indications of their respective claims to uniqueness, that make up mankind; its second part deals with the relationships among these peoples; its third part discusses their respective achievements—that is, the diverse manifestations of human creativeness—which, while they distinguish peoples, give new aspects to community and, therefore, to mankind. Thus, from volume to volume the "History" will trace the diversification of peoples, the elaboration of relationships among them, and their integration, as a growing community, into mankind. The Commission does not see in history a purposeful development of a world community; rather it sees situation following situation in which, as human creativeness increases the understanding of nature and deepens the interdependence of peoples, the fact of community broadens in the relationships of peoples.

In other words, the Commission has set before itself the ideal of all the great cultures, namely recognizing the diversity of peoples in order to approach an understanding of the universal—mankind.

In order to pursue this ideal the

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 940)

REGINALD ARKELL:
CHRYSANTHEMUMS

(Author of "Old Herbaceous," "Green Fingers," and other poems about gardening)

Curled darlings of the Autumn Show,
Of quite colossal size,
Admirers goggle in a row,
You win the Special Prize.
Yet, though your petals are, 'tis true,
As large again as ours,
Somehow I cannot look at you
And feel that you are flowers.

BOOKS from the Rocky Mountains

CAXTON TITLES
for
SPRING AND FALL, 1952

Americana

STUBBORN FOOL by Estelle Aubrey Brown. A shocking indictment of the U. S. Indian Bureau's policies by a woman who served the bureau from 1902 to 1918. Illustrated. *Published* *$4.50*

STEAMBOATS IN THE TIMBER by Ruby El Hult. Fascinating account of steamboating days on Lake Coeur d'Alene and St. Joe River . . . exciting although almost forgotten aspect of Northwest history. Illustrated. *Published* *$4.00*

MOSTLY ALKALI by Stephen Perry Jocelyn. Comprehensive biography of military life . . . sets forth the career of General Stephen P. Jocelyn who spent over half of his 44 years of service at barren outposts. Illustrated. *September 10* *$10.00*

HEAR ME, MY CHIEFS! by L. V. McWhorter. Only complete and definitive record of the Nez Perce Indians . . . written directly from Indian sources, using much new material. New interpretation of the dramatic Nez Perce War of 1877. Illustrated. *July 10* *$10.00*

JOE MEEK by Stanley Vestal. Outstanding biography of one of the most extraordinary and vital characters of frontier history. Illustrated. *April 15* *$5.00*

INJUN SUMMER by William Walker and Daisy F. Baber. The "back trail" of Wyoming and Colorado wilderness days . . . relived by Bill Walker, pioneer. Authentic Americana by the author and collaborator of THE LONGEST ROPE. Illustrated. *June 16* *$4.00*

Fiction

HOME, HAM AND HOMINY by Anita M. Littrell and William Clyde Littrell. Warm-hearted story of a Tennessee tenant farmer's family . . . a Mark Twain kind of humor, refreshingly honest. *August 11* *$4.00*

Juvenile

THE LISTENING BOOK by Daniel E. Safier. A "read-aloud" book to delight children from three to eight years. Rhythm and sound are used in a new and delightful way. Illustrated. *October 10* *$4.00*

BUTTERSCOTCH AND THE HAPPY BARNYARD by Charles Morrow Wilson. A delightfully gay and funny book for children in which the barnyard animals of Miss Naomi's farm seem very real. Illustrated. *November 10* *$2.50*

Miscellaneous

BEET-SUGAR ECONOMICS by R. H. Cottrell. Complete and up-to-date text covering the organization and function of the great beet-sugar industry in the United States. *May 1* *$5.00*

THE BRITISH SOCIALIST ILL-FARE STATE by Cecil Palmer. Almost frightening in its picture of a society in decay, this book provides a comprehensive analysis of the Socialist Welfare State as it has actually operated in Great Britain from 1945 to 1951. *May 31* *$6.00*

MAN TO MAN by Bernard N. Ward. The inequities, inequalities and staggering waste of our present income-tax laws. The author, a certified public accountant with years of experience in income-tax cases, offers a solution to our present dilemma. *May 16* *$4.00*

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Commission has devised a method of preparing the "History" which will assure to every people and to every spokesman for a special interest or a particular point of view the opportunity to bring to those who write the "History" any statement, comment, or criticism they wish to make.

First, let it be noted that the Commission is genuinely inter-cultural—representatives of American, European, and Asian cultures sit together on it. In this connection, it can be emphatically stated, their understanding of one another has been complete. Second, the corresponding members, although the list is still incomplete, represent every country, culture, and religious faith attached in any way to UNESCO. The five members of the editorial committee represent respectively Europe, Asia, and the Western Hemisphere. The author-editors, who will write the manuscripts of the volumes, come from Great Britain, France, the United States, Peru, and India. If the present plan to appoint associates to assist these author-editors can be carried out, scholars from other European and Asian countries will undoubtedly find their names on the title pages of the volumes.

A group of consultants of highest scholarship will advise the editorial committee on the treatment of special topics. Thus a historian from the University of Benares will advise it on the presentation of both Indian history and Hindu ideas and beliefs. Similarly Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Jewish, Islamic, Roman Catholic, Protestant, and other scholarly authorities, including Communist, will be at the services of the author-editors and the editorial committee.

IN order that the preparation of the "History" may be a public enterprise rather than a private operation, the Commission is setting up a periodical, "The Journal of World History." Articles on all aspects of history will appear in its pages, which will be open also to statements of diverse points of view, different interpretations, and critical comments. It can be fairly said for the Commission that no one interested in the "History" will be denied the opportunity to make his views known both to those who are preparing the "History" and to the public who may be following the Commission's work.

The Commission has recognized from the outset that there are many points of view to be taken into account. For example, there is the matter of different dating systems—the Christian, the Hebrew, the Islamic, and the Buddhist. It can be assumed that the American people could conceive of using no other than the Christian, but the Commission cannot dismiss the Hebrew, Buddhist, and Islamic systems in a cavalier fashion, for there are millions of men who use them. Therefore, in the discussion of Hebrew history, the Commission will give both the Hebrew and the Christian dates, and so also will the Islamic and Buddhist dates be employed wherever they are proper to the subject matter of the "History."

The Commission has selected scholars of highest literary and intellectual attainments to write the manuscript of the "History." By accepting appointment they have agreed to work in terms of the conceptions and according to the plans of the Commission. The Commission asks them only to produce the best treatment of their respective subjects that can be achieved by the highest standards of scholarship. The Commission does not ask them to synthesize conflicting views. When their treatments differ from some other widely held view the editorial committee will not alter their treatment but will take responsibility for inserting as a note to the treatment a statement of the differing view. These notes may be thought of as a series of mirrors each of which reflects a view of history and mankind; to those who have any one of these views the mirror will give a true image, but to those who do not have this particular view the mirror, like one in an amusement park, will show a distortion—perhaps amusing or, indeed, disconcerting. But each mirror, however it distorts, will reflect the same reality—the experiences, the aspirations, and the achievements of peoples. By this device the "History" will be, at once, both a coherent discussion of the human career and a record of differences of points of view toward and interpretations of either parts or all of it.

In conclusion it may be said that the Commission hopes to bring diversity in historical interpretation into clear view, so that the universality of human experience may be better understood and evaluated. The more peoples are seen to be different, it believes, the more men may be seen as being alike. And in this likeness, when seen down the clouded vista of time, it hopes, may be found, through creative achievement in historical study, the projection of the vista into a less clouded future for peoples and for mankind. The "History" is not meant to be a channel to guide thinking, but a summit from which thinking can see new goals for peoples as they are parts of mankind. The Commission puts its faith in the creativeness of free minds.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRAGIC TARGET *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Unpleasant Conn. family miffed when Peeper Desmond Shannon pokes into fatal shooting; two knifings follow, also solution.	Characters fall into slots; too much table talk impedes development of story.	Pace too slow
NIGHT TRAIN TO PARIS *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.50)	London spice dealer, model of propriety, gets tangled in international plot; seven die ere Tommy Hambledon retrieves swiped plans.	Customary whimsicality tends to retard suspense factor; few chills despite vast bloodshed.	Overplayful
STRANGE RETURN *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.50)	Spring floods in pawpaw country wash up youth's body—did he fall or was he pushed? Sheriff Jess Roden calls shots.	Principals refreshingly unrich, but yarn involves explorations into past, just like gentry.	So-so
THE BAHAMAS MURDER CASE *Leslie Ford* (Scribners: $2.50)	Eleven-year-old "suicide" case haunts victim's daughter; trip to tropics provides clue; love conquers all.	Heavy doses of stream-of-consciousness routine; little advantage taken of unusual setting.	Not too much zip
ROAD TO RHUINE *Simon Troy* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	London Op Lee Vaughan hops to seaside hamlet to look into woes of distraught wife whose hubby wants to despoil local paradise.	Story not too convincing, but atmosphere is pleasant and characters reasonably authentic.	Amiably preposterous

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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QUICK QUIZ FOR NEWSPAPER EDITORS . . .

☞ *Question*: Do more people in the United States attend performances of "serious" music than go to baseball games?

Answer: Yes. Several million more.

☞ *Question*: Do people spend more money going to "serious" concerts than for tickets to baseball games?

Answer: Yes. $45,000,000 for concerts to only $40,000,000 for baseball.

☞ *Question*: Will more concerts be given in the United States this year than in Europe or other parts of the world?

Answer: Yes. Three times as many concerts will be given in the United States as in the rest of the world combined.

☞ *Question*: How can a newspaper best meet the challenge of this growing interest among its readers for news and reviews of the vivid, exciting world of music?

Answer: By subscribing to The Saturday Review's syndicated Music Service for Newspapers, edited by the outstanding music critic in the country, Irving Kolodin, who will be your "Private Ear," listening for and discovering new talent, bringing you the latest news from the music halls, concert stages and recording studios of the land.

IRVING KOLODIN

Music Editor of The Saturday Review, Irving Kolodin demonstrates every week that reading about music can be fun as well as enlightening.

The Metropolitan Opera, ballet, recitals, concerts, new records (both classical and popular), important musical events in Europe as well as in this country are reported in the service every week with unsurpassed critical acumen and pungent wit.

The reader learns the behind-the-scenes news and gossip of the colorful figures who make our music, whether it is the new tenor at the Met or the newest bandleader on Fifty-Second Street.

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St. Louis (Mo.) Post-Dispatch
Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review
Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer
Hackensack (N. J.) Bergen Evening Record
Kingston (Ontario) Whig-Standard
Marshall (Tex.) News-Messenger
Santa Barbara (Cal.) News-Press
Hartford (Conn.) Times
Lewiston (Idaho) Herald
Wichita (Kansas) Beacon
Lexington (Ky.) Herald-Leader
New Orleans (La.) Times-Picayune
Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin
Texarkana (Tex.) Gazette
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BOOKED for TRAVEL

READIN', RITIN', AND ROVIN'

IT IS quite obvious that the nation this summer is to be left in the hands of the poor, the old, and the politicians. Everyone else is going abroad. Our lecture for this week, classmates, has to do with study tours for students and teachers. If there is anyone in the hall over thirty-five he may be excused to go figure out his old-age retirement benefits.

The first spring winds which bring a blooming of daffodils and travel in equal profusion have also signaled the start, these past few years, of a nasty imbroglio over who is qualified to take our students out of the country. There have been occasions when a ship scheduled to ferry a complement of students abroad has been found somewhat less luxurious than the *Ile de France*. Indeed, some seasons back such a vessel was found, by Coast Guard authorities, to be better suited for making the voyage from New York to Staten Island across the bay than to Southampton across the sea. It never sailed.

The American Society of Travel Agents, which takes a partisan attitude in favor of its members, has urged that charter flights be subject to the same standards as regularly scheduled flights and has urged the public to deal with reputable travel agents (*i.e.*, its members). *The Saturday Review* reports herewith on some of the student tours available this year and declines the responsibility for any Wellesley junior who finds herself a member of a Tripolitan harem once the summer is done.

EUROPE: Foreign Study Tours, 210 West 7th St., Los Angeles, offers a set of foreign study tours through Europe, each good for six credits and covering, according to the brochure, such educational aspects as "luxurious days on the beach at Capri" and "moonlight gondolas in Venice." Two tours labeled "Arts and Crafts" and "U.S. Influence Abroad" sail June 25 on the *Georgic*, cover England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and France and cost $1,195 for fifty-two days. A music, opera, and ballet tour by the same company hits most of the festivals, sails on the *Independence*, costs $1,650. Three others by TWA tourist-class flights are "Adventure in History," "Flight Into Time" (which includes Egypt and Israel), and "Flight to Romance," a title, not a guarantee.

Transmarine Tours of New York has a music, art, and theatre excursion led by Professor Robert Sanders, chairman of the Department of Music of Brooklyn College (forty-five days and $1,058), plus about eight other student European tours led by professors, mostly about a month and a half long and priced slightly over $1,000. The American Travel Company of New York has a ten-country music tour under $1,500 which takes sixty-eight days by ship, forty-four days by air, and includes operas and concerts in Bayreuth, Salzburg, Edinburgh, Rome, Lucerne, and London, the ballet in London, dances in Madrid, the William Tell play and a Swiss folklore evening in Switzerland, and the Folies Bergère in Paris. American Travel, among other tours, has a "Literary Pilgrimage to Europe" in connection with the Department of English of Texas Christian University. It stays away sixty-one days, costs $1,015.

Columbia Tours, 507 Fifth Ave., New York, has a number of handy-package Econ-o-Tours to Europe designed for college students, young teachers, and professionals. The best buy, or barg-o-trip, is a forty-seven-day ramble for $795, sailing from New York on July 5 aboard a bateau by name of the SS. *Zuiderkruis*. It takes in Brussels, most of Italy, four days in Switzerland, and a week in Paris. A fifty-four-day trip through eight countries leaves New York May 28, June 26, and July 23, and costs $895 ($146 more and twenty days less by tourist air). University Tours, of Cambridge, Mass., has a combination called the Swispano-French, among other trips less decorously named, which average about $27 a day all inclusive, using the United States Lines. Its "Student Group" trips, using the *Empress* steamers out of Montreal and dormitories, private homes, and pensions abroad, average about $16 a day, with the shortest about a month.

Dozens of more specialized trips are available. The Polytechnic Touring Association, an English company, has a seventy-one-day European Economics Tour, including Yugoslavia; French Study Tours, of the University of Seattle, offers a summer session on the Riviera or in Tours plus three weeks of travel time; Lisle Fellowship, of Ann Arbor, Mich., has an international institute in human relations in Denmark; the Israel Summer Institute offers seven weeks living, working, and studying in that country for $875; the University of Santander offers fifty-five days in Spain for $975; Laborde Travel Service has a number of unusual sessions beginning at $635. SITA, which makes a specialty of study, adventure, and odyssey trips, has a fat booklet of choices that get as low as $10 a day if the tourist doesn't mind an occasional stretch of cycling once on the Continent.

Travel and Study, Inc., an organization which deals expressly in those two endeavors, has a summer course called, dramatically enough, "Foreign Assignment," a laboratory for students in journalism, political science, and current affairs. Opening with a seminar at U.N. headquarters in New

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". . . everyone else is going abroad."

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York, members will have a look at *The New York Times* plant and the Associated Press in New York, then move across the water for lectures at the Sorbonne, the University of Stockholm, and a study of the Kelmsley Press in London. The itinerary includes eight European countries, leaves June 30, costs $1,075, and will be led by Robert Desmond, chairman of the Department of Journalism at the University of California.

THE PACIFIC: SITA also follows some trails of the South Pacific with three tours covering Hawaii, Japan, and—in some cases—the Philippines and Hong Kong. Two stay away for forty days and are in the $1,000 bracket, the third takes sixty-four days, running the price up to $1,490. All are led by Dean Dana Vaughan, of Cooper Union, who will arrange for students seeking credits, and travel is exclusively by ships of the American President Lines. If your old man prints his own money, SITA also offers a swing around the globe for $3,415.

A similar trip with "credits while you cruise" will sail from the West Coast July 4, led by Dr. Alfred G. Fisk, Professor of Philosophy, San Francisco State College, which will grant up to nine credits for the excursion. En route to the Orient aboard the SS. *President Wilson,* Dr. Fisk will offer a daily lecture on the culture, art, and history of Japan, where the group will spend twenty-six days. Interviews with social and political leaders and social events with itinerant students and teachers are arranged for Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong, and for much of Japan. It's a sixty-four-day trip and the tariff is $1,737, including minimum first-class steamer accommodations.

Anyone who has to study this summer could hardly choose a more painless, not to say distracting, locale than Hawaii. Here is United Airlines, smiling and bumptious, on hand with a deal for $381, which includes round-trip air transportation via Stratocruiser, housing for the six-week term, and tuition at the University of Hawaii for six credit hours. Breakfast and lunch at the University cafeteria cost about fifty cents, dinner about a dollar. Courses in twenty-eight academic fields are available, classes begin June 24 and close August 1, but no one will urge you to go home.

CANADA: Those who call singing in the Rockies work can sign up for warbling lessons at the Banff School of Fine Arts at Banff, Alberta, from July 2 to August 2. A short course in painting begins June 23 and again on August 18, and there are three courses on

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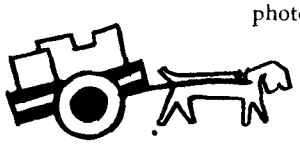

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photography, with elk, mountains, and tourists on hand to photograph.

At the other end of the Dominion, classes in painting, music, singing, ceramics, sewing, drama, ballet, tapestry weaving, and polite French conversation will make a fine melange at the Ste. Adèle Centre d'Art. After a tough day over a hot loom, students can swim, dance, ride, and climb a Laurentian mountain. Rates in the nearby hotels are $7.50 to $11 a day American plan, about $35 a week in the pensions. Ste. Adèle is forty-five miles from Montreal.

Students traveling independently to join study programs abroad may seek space on the aforementioned *Zuiderkruis* and the SS *Grote Beer*, which will replace the Holland-America Line's *Volendam* and make special student sailings on June 30 and July 5. Dormitory space is $300 the round trip, or, should you prefer to be stylish, you can secure *outside* dormitory space at $20 additional.

Virtually all the airlines will offer some sort of air-coach travel, and both Pan American and TWA have summer educational programs that will take you flying to the founts of culture. TWA has a listing of sixteen study and educational tours in conjunction with better known tour operators, running to Europe, North Africa, and the Near East at prices that start at $705 and zoom to $2,000. Pan-Am has organized a series of one-week sectional trips throughout

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A regular dictionary of further addenda for those inclined to work or study somewhat removed from the homestead is being offered in a twenty-five-cent booklet by the U. S. National Student Travel Association, 48 West 48th St., N. Y. It includes dozens of available courses including one in physical training conducted in German at the Federal School of Sport and Gymnastics at Magglingen, Switzerland, and a handy session at Mullsjö, Sweden on the Chinese family from a psychoanalytic point of view.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

FRANKFURT AND THE TAUNUS. By Karl Baedeker. Macmillan. $2. The customary treatment in the customary red covers; long on things to see, with mere listings of hotels and restaurants, which are presumably of secondary importance to the Baedeker tourist. Perhaps the most interesting part of this small handbook are the opening sections giving a short history of the city which is the traffic center of industrial Western Germany. From a population of 23,000 in 1700 Frankfurt grew to over half-a-million in the years before the late war. Thirty-seven air raids were visited on the city, however, and the population was halved. The city's appearance was "altered to a horrifying extent," with 5,647 dead from the bombs and 11,500 buildings totally destroyed. What Baedeker calls the "insensate" government of the tottering Third Reich had all the bridges over the Main blown during the last days. It is notable, perhaps, that the principal dates of Frankfurt's history gives the years during which the metropolis suffered the bombs of the British and the Americans, but the rise to power of the National Socialist dictatorship goes unrecorded.

SKOAL SCANDINAVIA. By Edward Streeter. Harper. $3. A record by the author of "Father of the Bride" and "Dere Mabel" of a fifty-three-day, 3,700-mile excursion through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark with three traveling companions in a new green Plymouth Suburban. No guide book, this is simply a wonderfully amiable diary of a somewhat more elaborate-than-normal ride through three more-different-than-normal countries. In Norway, Streeter and company wore black sleeping masks against the Midnight Sun, slept under *dyners*, which are feather bags that slide to the floor at the first sign of restlessness, found out that no matter how one pronounces a Scandinavian name, the Scandinavians pronounce it differently. The foibles of the Streeter entourage are just about what everyone runs up against in a strange land, but he chats about them so honestly and disarmingly that the reader develops a total empathy. But this is no chronicle of the abrogation of all the local customs by Americans abroad, for Streeter comes up with sharp description that leaves no filmy doubt about what he has seen. Witness the fish women standing in a pool of blood with their knives, looking "as if they had just come from the French Revolution." He gives advice to travelers (to get a front room at the Grand in Stockholm apply at birth), but most of the facts are isolated in a separate section at the back of the book. Photos and sketches.

MOUNT RUSHMORE. By Gilbert S. Fite. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.75. One of the great sights of the West is the giant faces of four Presidents carved into the granite sides of Mount Rushmore in South Dakota. The project was the idea of a state historian and the work of John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum, born in Bear Lake Idaho of Danish parentage. Borglum's "mad determination" to make a monument out of a mountain began in 1924 when he first visited the site. Three years later President Coolidge arrived to dedicate the project. There were no cannon on hand to give him an official salute so they just blasted tree stumps and let the booming symbolize the respect. Coolidge, the Vermonter, rode three miles by horseback to the foot of the mountain. Borglum insisted that he did not "intend that it shall be just a damn big thing, a three-day tourist wonder." The sixty-foot heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt (T.) got to be big all right, and even a tourist wonder, but they also proved inspirational to the big and little people who have come to Rushmore in the years that followed. Borglum died in March 1941 and the final drilling was completed by his son, Lincoln, in October of the same year. The monument cost nearly a million dollars. —H.S.

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WORKOUTS FOR WRITERS

(*Continued from page 19*)

New Hampshire, will meet at Durham, N. H., August 11-22. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll S. Towle. Staff: Robert P. T. Coffin, Lloyd Haberly, Ella Shannon Bowles, Margaret Coit, Charles Angoff, Edmund Cortez, J. Donald Batcheller, Shirley Barker, Herschel Brickell, Elizabeth Yates. Last year's fees: contributors, $45; auditors, $37.50; lower for one week's attendance; will probably be the same this year but rate of board may rise slightly. Last year's registration: 85. For information, write Carroll S. Towle, Chairman, University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, Durham, N. H.

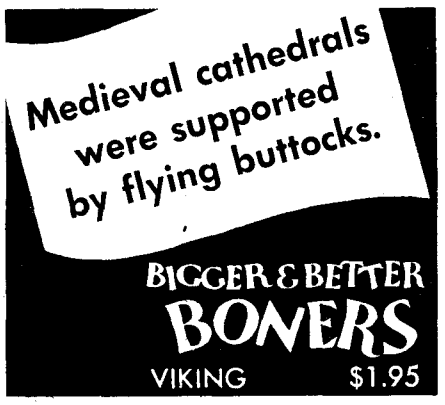
SEMINARS ON AMERICAN CULTURE OF THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, established 1948 to extend the usefulness of the New York State Historical Association and to utilize its museum resources, will be held July 5 through July 12 at Cooperstown, N. Y. Director Louis C. Jones. Marshall B. Davidson will be chairman of a course on Visual America, Carl Carmer will be chairman of a course on American Folk Heroes, and Albert B. Corey of a course on The Local Historian. There will be other courses of interest to writers. Fee, $30 which includes membership in N. Y. State Historical Association and lunches throughout the Seminars. Attendance last year, 180. Brochure ready soon; write New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N. Y.

NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROUNDUP OF REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, co-sponsored by Montana State University and the Rockefeller Foundation, will be held July 30 to August 8 at Montana State University, Missoula, Montana. Founded 1949 as part of a plan for a festival of the arts and directed by the late Joseph Howard Kinsey. Director: Henry V. Larom. Staff to be announced. Tuition: probably $25. Moderate living costs on campus. Attendance last year: 35-40, not including university students. For information, write Henry V. Larom, Montana State University, Missoula, Montana.

NOTRE DAME WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of Notre Dame, will meet June 23-28 on the Notre Dame campus. Founded 1949. Director: Louis Hasley. Staff: John Frederick Nims, Richard Sullivan, John T. Frederick. Visiting speakers: Karl Shapiro, Betty Finnin, Frank Luther Mott. Tuition: $15 for first workshop, $10 for each additional. Last year's registration: 93. Address all communications to the Director, The Writers' Conference, Box 9, Notre Dame, Indiana.

OHIO VERSEWRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ohio Poetry Society, will meet for one day, May 3, at the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. Founded in 1951. Director: Loring Williams. Speakers: Dr. Frederick H. Adler, Marie Corrigan, Harry Ridenour, Grace Goulder. Registration fee: $1 for members of Ohio Poetry Society, $2 for non-members, undergraduates of any college, free. Last year's attendance: 85. For information, write Maude Miller Girardeau, President of Ohio Poetry Society, 17511 Fries Ave., Lakewood 7, Cleveland, Ohio.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 3-5 at Norman, Oklahoma. Founded 1938. Director: Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal). Speakers: Arthur Sampley, Foster Harris, Dwight V. Swain, Muriel Wright, Alberta Constant, Ennen Reaves Hall, Bob Duncan; others to be announced. Tuition: $7.50. Last year's registration: 200. For information, write W. S. Campbell, School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.



OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Omaha Writers Club, will take place on June 13-15 at the Paxton Hotel, Omaha. Founded 1946. Director: L. V. Jacks. Staff: George S. Brooks, Marian Marsh Brown, William P. Coleman, Robert Nossen. Tuition: $5 for all lectures, $1 for individual lecture, $5 for manuscript reading. Last year's registration: 57. For information write L. V. Jacks, Department of Classics, Creighton University, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

UNIVERSITY OF OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE will hold its first session June 3-13 at Omaha, Nebraska. Director: Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Tuition: $20. Conference members will make their own living arrangements off-campus. Staff and program to be announced. For information write Ralph M. Wardle, Chairman, Department of English, University of Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, will meet at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, June 11-13. Established 1949. A board of directors is in charge, and a newsletter, *Pre-Script*, carries advance conference news about contests and workshop submissions. Staff: Pauline Bloom, L. Sprague de Camp, Earl T. Crooker, Cecilia Gray, William Grover, Charles Lee, Florence Kerigan, Edith Osteyee, John H. Powell; four or five others to be announced. Last year's attendance: about 300. For information write Walter M. Breisch, Registrar, 4223 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department of the University of Pittsburg, will meet April 24-25 at the University of Pittsburg. Founded 1945. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Staff: Herschel Brickell, J. Donald Adams, Robert Hilyer, Walter Havighurst, Shirley Fisher. Conference intended to be part of a program for the training of college students in writing; no fees. Attendance last year: about 600. For information write Edwin L. Peterson, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

CONFERENCE OF SOUTHWEST WRITERS AND WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of the summer school of Arizona State College, will be held on the campus of Arizona State College at Flagstaff, Arizona, June 23-July 4. Founded 1951 in connection with a student workshop in writing of the summer school. A small group of writers on the Southwest is invited by the college to spend two weeks on campus and talk to the students. Object is to encourage the literature of the Southwest. Director of the Conference and Workshop: Antoinette Smith. Bulletin in preparation; write Antoinette Smith, Ph.D., Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Arizona.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, Corpus Christi writers' club, will meet at Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Texas, May 31-June 3. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. Staff: J. Frank Dobie, Harnett T. Kane, Martha Cheavens, Dr. John Baker, Fred Gipson, Garland Roark, Boyce House, Arthur Sampley, Dr. C. E. Castenada, C. L. Sonnichsen, Frank Wardlaw, Eileen M. Flynn, Esther Stanford, Dr. Don Ward, J. Austell Small, William B. Hartley, Charleen McClane, Fritz and Emilie Toepperwein, Joe Naylor, Margaret Young, and others. Tuition: auditors, $12; contributors, $25. Special feature: literary contest with $1,000 in cash prizes. Last year's registration: 303. For brochure write Southwest Writers' Conference, 406 South Carancahua, Corpus Christi, Texas.

TUFTS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Tufts College, will hold its first session in the Crane Library and adjoining rooms on the Tufts Campus at Medford, Mass., July 1-25. Director: John Holmes. Staff: Emily Flint, Robeson Bailey. Tuition: $50 for each course (3 hours of academic credit given per course). Rooms, $5 a week. For information write John Holmes, Director, Tufts Writers' Workshop, Tufts College, Medford 55, Mass.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the University, will meet at Salt Lake City June 16-27. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Caroline Gordon, Peter Taylor, Stephen Spender, Earle Birney, Elizabeth Enright, and one more to be announced. Tuition: $25 for one workshop, $35 for two, $40 for three, $45 for four, lower rates for one week Manuscript criticism ranges from $5 to $15. A few scholarships available for young writers. Special feature: annual picnic for staff and students in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Last year's registration: 68. For bulletin write The Writers' Conference, Building 105—Room 279, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

THE FICTION WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Vermont Institute of Special Studies, will be held at Putney, Vermont, August 17-30. This is a continuation of the Fiction Writers' Conference formerly held at Marlboro College and begun in 1946. Director: Walter Hendricks. Staff: John Farrar, Thornton Wilder, Charles Jackson, Mavis McIntosh, Elizabeth Page, Ludwig Lewisohn, Roger Straus, Olin Clark, Norman Mailer, John Aldridge, Philip Roddman, and others. Rate for tuition, board, room, lectures, $135. Single room extra. Last year's registration: 40. For brochure write Walter Hendricks, The Fiction Writers Conference, Putney, Vermont.

THE SCHOOL OF MODERN CRITICAL STUDIES, under auspices of the University of Vermont, will meet at Burlington, Vermont, June 16-27. Founded 1951 to provide short, intensive studies in critical approach to modern fiction. Director: John W. Aldridge. Staff: R. P. Blackmur, Malcolm Cowley, Norman Holmes Pearson, Elizabeth Drew, Arthur Mizener, Mark Schorer, Allen Tate. Tuition: $50. Last year's registration: 60. For information write John W. Aldridge, Department of English, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Vermont, will meet at the Fleming Museum, University of Vermont, Burlington, July 15-16. Chairman and speakers to be announced. No fees except $2 membership fee in the League. Last year's attendance: about 200. For information address Laura Loudon, News Bureau, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.

THE WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Wisconsin, will be held at Madison, Wisconsin, June 27-August 22. Founded 1945. Director: Paul M. Fulcher. Staff: Mari Sandoz, Ronald E. Mitchell. Tuition: $60. Last year's registration: about 60. For information write Paul M. Fulcher, The Writers' Institute, University of Wisconsin, Madison 6, Wisc.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention, will meet at the American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wisconsin, July 5-12. Founded 1948. Director: Dr. Benjamin P. Browne. Staff: Phyllis A. Whitney, E. Merrill Root, Marjorie Moore Armstrong, Harvey C. Jacobs, Evan A. Reiff, Lawrence E. Nelson, James P. Berkeley. Guest lecturers: Eugene Exman, Mary Alice Jones, Hon. O. K. Armstrong. A collection of conference addresses of former sessions has been recently published under the title *Christian Journalism*. Tuition: $10. Last year's registration: 96. For information write Benjamin P. Browne, Christian Publication, Board of Education and Publication of the Northern Baptist Convention, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING SUMMER PROGRAM IN THE CREATIVE ARTS, under auspices of Summer Session and College of Liberal Arts of the University of Wyoming, will meet at Laramie, Woming, June 9-July 11. Established 1949. Director: Allan Willman. Staff: Walter Havighurst, Richard Wilbur, Joseph Langland; also teachers in art, drama, dance and music. Tuition: $44. Last year's registration: about 150 in some phase of the program. For brochure write Allan Willman, Chairman, Creative Arts Workshop Committee, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming.

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE is the tentative title of a conference to be organized by Herschel Brickell on his return from South America. It will be held in June at Ridgefield, Conn., for a period of about ten days. For details address Herschel Brickell, Acorn Cottage, Ridgefield, Conn.

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THE FINE ARTS

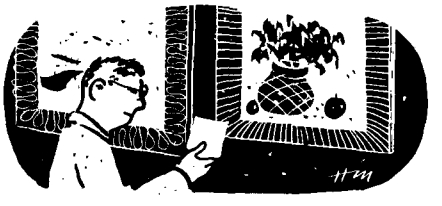
THE CASE OF DR. BARNES

EVER since the death of Dr. Albert C. Barnes last year, the art world has seethed with rumors as to what would become of the very great collection of works of art in the Barnes Foundation, created by the doctor in 1922 and installed in its present building at Merion, Pa., in 1927. The collection is fabulous. It includes something like 200 Renoirs, 100 Cézannes, one of the very finest Seurats, seventy-five Matisses, more than thirty-five Picassos (though none later than cubism), as well as numerous pictures by such modern masters as Rousseau, Soutine, Modigliani, De Chirico, Pascin, Demuth; it also has a fine group of African tribal sculptures.

I say the collection contains these treasures, because I know from the evidence of various documents and reports that they are at Merion. But like most people professionally concerned with the arts, I have never been admitted to the collection despite several attempts. I hope to be soon. The question has now arisen whether the Foundation will at last be opened to the public. At present the matter is in the hands of the Court of Common Pleas of Montgomery County, where the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, through one of its editorial writers, has filed suit to force the Foundation to adopt "reasonable rules and regulations" about admitting art folk and the general public to the collection. The court's decision will hinge on its definition of the Foundation's responsibilities as a tax-free institution. All these years the Foundation has been exempt from taxes on its vast belongings (the value of the art works alone has been estimated at $25,000,000) on the grounds that its approved charter describes it as founded "to promote the advancement of education and appreciation of the fine arts."

A noble statement of purpose, surely, and one which would persuade almost any county in the land to call off its tax collectors. But the late Dr. Barnes's interpretation of the statement was egocentric to the point of fantasy. To him "the advancement of education and appreciation" meant that only a selected few visitors and enrolled students could advance beyond the front steps. The rest were stopped at the door, sometimes by the doctor himself, sometimes by a servant bearing from him a note with some such cryptic message as "Go away!" or "Dear Mrs. X. [in this case a generous patroness of the arts], I advise you to go to the movies."

There is, however, a statement in the *Inquirer*'s petition which demands correction. "While purporting to be operated as an educational institution," the petition declares, "the admission to which is theoretically granted without regard to race, color, or creed, the officers and trustees of said Foundation have in fact so operated the same as to deprive many



students of the advantage of study and of viewing said art collection. . ." The inference here is that the Foundation has been a "restricted" property, to use the horrible real-estate phrase. Actually, Dr. Barnes seems to have had no racial prejudices whatever. He admitted Jews and Negroes to his museum and his classes. His collection contains many pictures by, for example, the Lithuanian Jew, Chaim Soutine, and by the American Negro, Horace Pippin. Whatever charges can be brought against the doctor—and they are numerous and dire—snobbery is not among them. Indeed, special targets of his abuse were often rich, white, Gentile collectors like himself. Some of his most scathing messages of dismissal were handed or sent to the socially elite.

The doctor must have had fun composing these messages, for he reveled in rudeness and impertinence. His lifeblood was vituperation, spiced with the threat to others of litigation. He was particularly gratified when he could involve in dispute a sister institution like the Philadelphia Museum or any "authority" on the arts whose opinions differed in the slightest from his own. He was a prolific letter writer. His riposte to *Time*, which had the temerity to call him "terrible-tempered," is a classic in the field of invective, even after being purged of its more raucous obscenities by the magazine's editors. One could not but grudgingly admire the vigor with which he flung at his adversaries, real and imagined. To say that he had a chip on his shoulder would be a ludicrous understatement. He threw the chip in the face of anyone he did not like, on sight. He often won his quarrels by embarrassing his opponents into a state of debilitated silence. When behaving at his truculent worst, he was exciting to read or quote, and perhaps the curator of decorative arts at the Philadelphia Museum had a point in saying to the *Inquirer*'s reporter that it was a pity Dr. Barnes couldn't be around to make the current lawsuit against the Foundation "a colorful fight with his fireworks."

THERE would have been fireworks all right, but they would not, I think, have prevented the doctor from being soundly licked in court. It is true that he won a comparable lawsuit in the late 1920's, with the help of outstanding legal advisors. But at that time outside interest in the collection was far less pronounced than now, and the doctor's privacy was in a sense protected by the fact that his taste was so far in advance of the public's. It had been only a few years before, after all, that a local newspaper had averred that Dr. Barnes must be insane to buy works by the wildman Matisse—a charge which called forth the doctor's most virulent thunder. Today, however, the public is more interested in the Foundation's principal fields—post-impressionism and "modern" art—than in any other. It would be inconceivable that a court of law could countenance the Foundation's flimsy claim to tax exemption on the grounds of public services. These services are the opposite of public; they are for the most part extremely private. And this is not alone a matter of access in person to the collection. With rare exceptions the doctor forbade reproduction of his paintings and sculptures, even in books and articles by highly trained art historians and critics. He refused to issue an illustrated catalogue of his marvelous collection; he never lent to any exhibition, however important.

There was nevertheless one service performed by the doctor which must, I suppose, be considered public: the publication of his own books on art. These books were issued by established publishers, for sale to anyone

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who had the price. Personally I've found them useful on the whole, since they contain material not available elsewhere. But they are heavily written, and the analogies they propose are often far-fetched and sometimes downright absurd. (Henri Matisse is said to have goggled with wonder at certain parallels the doctor drew between his art and that of earlier, remote cultures.) Even so, it must be admitted that the books required serious research and that into them Dr. Barnes poured an energy quite different and more profound than that of the usual dilettante-collector.

THERE are two final points in the doctor's defense which must be mentioned in fairness. The *Inquirer*'s petition makes much of the fact that students at the Foundation were not given credit for their studies there when applying for admission to other institutions of learning and that the Foundation has not produced "one outstanding figure in the field of art." But the Foundation was never intended as a preparatory school for training elsewhere, and some of our leading universities have thus far failed to send forth into the professional art world figures who, as artists or historians, might without exaggeration be called eminent. The classes at the Foundation, according to first-hand accounts, were specialized and informal (they are still running, contrary to rumors). Their main purpose was to give students an insight into the fundamental meaning of art, and there were all manner of cross-references to music, literature, and philosophy. The doctor was an implacable foe of pedantry—rather oddly so, since his own books are far from "popular" in approach. He considered his school a final eye-opener for students; he would have been wildly irritated by the idea that the latter must go elsewhere to perfect, in this country, their knowledge and understanding of the subject at hand.

Here again, of course, the doctor's views ran contrary to everything we think of as the democratic process. And with all this process's failings, it is rightly what we believe in most. So one hopes that the Foundation will lose the suit now brought against it and that, at last, its magnificent possessions will face—and, of course, survive—the hard, shifty glare of public opinion.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

The Huts of Lions

CASTILIAN SCULPTURE: Gothic to Renaissance. By Beatrice Gilman Proske. New York: Hispanic Society of America. 525 pp. 328 illus. $15.

By HAROLD E. WETHEY

SPAIN during the spectacular reign of Isabella the Catholic is the period to which Mrs. Proske has devoted this handsomely illustrated and encyclopedic volume. At no other time in Spain's history have works of art been produced in such abundance and with such luxuriance, the latter quality being explained both by the floridity of the Late Gothic style in general and by the taste for magnificence of the Spanish monarchs and aristocrats in particular. Mrs. Proske gives a vivid picture of the splendor of this Castilian society of which Burgos and Toledo were the principal artistic centers.

The greatest sculptor of the late Gothic in Spain was Gil de Siloe of Burgos, the man whom Queen Isabella chose to erect the tombs of her parents and brother in the Carthusian church of Miraflores. Regarding his disputed

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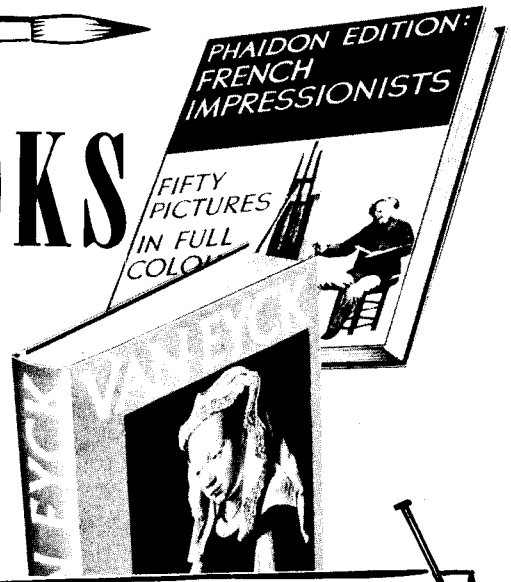

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—From "Castilian Sculpture."

Frieze of Heads from Church of San Juan de los Reyes, Toledo.

origin, Mrs. Proske now concludes that he was born at Orleans in France in view of the new document in which he is called Gil de Urliones. Foreign artists in Spain frequently changed their names or were known by birthplace, and the spelling in different documents is so completely erratic that modern scholars are often faced with confusing and contradictory data. In the case of the sculptor from Brussels sometimes called Egas Cueman the first name is just as unmistakably Spanish as the second is the Flemish Coeman. Another man of northern birth but entirely Spanish in professional training was Juan Guas, who held the exalted position of chief architect to Ferdinand and Isabella. In that capacity he designed the church of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo, originally intended as the royal pantheon, and the most luxurious of Spanish churches of the so-called Isabellan style, and he directed significant constructions at Segovia, at Avila, and the famous Infantado Palace at Guadalajara, the latter somewhat altered to meet Renaissance taste in 1570.

The complexities of styles and of personalities which Mrs. Proske treats with such clarity and such searching finality are nothing compared with the maze of artistic currents in the period of transition to the Renaissance beginning about 1500. She tackles the perplexing problem of the high altar of Toledo Cathedral, and she reviews the sculpture of the much-studied Felipe Vigarni, a transitional figure at Burgos, the abundance of whose work is in inverse relation to its uninspired quality. First-rate is the Italian master Domenico Fancelli, engaged by Ferdinand after Isabella's death to carve their sumptuous tomb now in the Royal Chapel at Granada. Mrs. Proske follows the introduction of the Italian Renaissance through the engagement of Italian artists by the great nobles who were then building new palaces. She stops just before the Spanish Renaissance style appeared in its full maturity with the return of the great masters Alonso Berruguete and Diego de Silóee from years of study in Italy.

Mrs. Proske's book, the fruit of many years of painstaking research, is the only comprehensive survey of the architectural and sepulchral sculpture of this rich and fascinating period. Although polychromed sculpture is less exhaustively treated, there is considerable data on architecture. The author has fully documented her study, and she has examined all of the original monuments. Her opinions are reached after thoughtful consideration, and she is never guilty of propounding irresponsible theories. Conservative in the matter of attributions, she displays at times decided boldness in discarding without much ado opinions which have won widespread acceptance. "Castilian Sculpture" is written in a fluent and sensitive style without pedantry. It will remain a definitive work for years.

Harold E. Wethey is professor of fine arts at the University of Michigan. He is the author of "Gil de Siloe and His School" and "Colonial Architecture in Peru."

Humanism in Crisis

PAINTING IN FLORENCE AND SIENA AFTER THE BLACK DEATH. By Millard Meiss. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 195 *pp.* 169 *illus.* $12.50.

By Rensselaer W. Lee

THIS distinguished book analyzes and interprets Florentine and Sienese painting from about 1350 to 1375, a short but significant period that here for the first time in a single volume receives full and authoritative treatment. During the first half of the *trecento* Giotto in Padua and Florence, Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti in Siena, had brought into medieval art new elements of naturalism and humanity and these became again the absorbing interest of Masaccio and other forward-looking painters of the early fifteenth century, when the Renaissance proper begins. But during the intervening years humanistic development was arrested when a new and urgent religious content suddenly appeared in Tuscan painting, expressed in compositional and decorative forms that recall the hieratic and other-worldly art of the preceding century. Thus, the traditional religious scenes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin that in the early *trecento* had been treated in the spirit of human narratives assume after 1350 the character of solemn ritual enacted in a static world of heightened religious significance. And both style and iconography directly or implicitly emphasize the steadfast authority and dogma of the church and the sacred function of the priest. Andrea da Firenze and Orcagna in Florence and Barna in Siena are the most important masters of the new style to the analysis of which Professor Meiss devotes the brilliant first section of his book.

What lies behind this dramatic reversion from a proto-humanistic art to one of renewed religious conviction? Professor Meiss sees behind the change the compelling impact of two historical events that shook the prosperity and stability of early fourteenth-century society in Tuscany to their foundations and resulted in profound economic, political, and spiritual change: the great depression caused by the bank failures of Florentine and Sienese houses during the 1340's and the terrible pestilence of the Black

Rensselaer W. Lee is professor of art at Columbia University. His books include "The Humanistic Theory of Painting."

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Death in the summer of 1348 which destroyed at least half the population of both cities. A profound pessimism and sense of the instability of earthly things pervades the thought of the time and the onslaught of death is vividly recorded in Traini's great fresco, the "Triumph of Death," in the Camposanto at Pisa, and in the famous introduction to Boccaccio's "Decameron." The catastrophies of the time were understood as divine punishment for sin. A strong sense of guilt, an urgent desire to repent, and a new and powerful sense of religious dedication affected writing and art. In the central section of the book, which is a notable contribution to history, Professor Meiss discusses the religious movements of the period, its devotional literature, and the activity and psychology of spiritual leaders like the Dominican preacher Passavanti and St. Catherine of Siena. One important conclusion he reaches is that religious texts and visions draw at times upon pictorial imagery. The painted altarpieces that St. Catherine saw in the churches affected her visions and consequently the accounts of her life that appeared in the later fourteenth century. Hitherto, historians of art have been skeptical of the influence of the figure arts on literature. They have generally, and so have theorists of art since the Renaissance, believed that the influence was all the other way.

The fine concluding chapter relates Boccaccio, the first Florentine humanist, to the spirit of renunciation and other-worldliness that so deeply influenced the figure arts. Just as Jean de Meun before him and Chaucer not long after regretted the vanity of their great contributions to literature, so the aging Boccaccio in 1373 turned against his masterpiece, "The Decameron," as a stimulus to wanton living. But in spite of recurrent spiritual tension, and although his late works show moral and didactic intent, Boccaccio did not, in the end—no more, we may confidently believe, did the genial Chaucer—renounce the charms of literature. The moment of time that Professor Meiss calls the first crisis of humanism did not last long. The crisis past, humanism triumphed with the Renaissance.

Buried Beauties

ARREST AND MOVEMENT. By H. A. Groenewegen Frankfort. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 222 pp. $7.50.

BY HARRY BOBER

IT might not be unjust to suggest that the mysteries of ancient Near Eastern art are really "Greek" to most of us except, of course (to paraphrase Christopher Fry's endearing chaplain), that we understand Greek art. Why this should be so is clear. Through Renaissance and successive revivals, the classical heritage has become the mainspring of our art; its principles and pictorial means are immediate, familiar, and comprehensible. But the remote esthetic of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Crete has left our vision blurred where their works of art are concerned, and fundamental errors in their appraisal abound. One extreme, not uncommon, view finds this early art distorted and ignorant because alien to the spirit of the classic esthetic. Another, more positive, approach from the self-styled vantage point of "significant" or "pure form" has been more favorable but not less ignorant, for it is essentially but another kind of ethnocentrism. In this instance ancient art (almost any art, for that matter) affords formal grist for contemporary creative and critical mills.

It may be protested that such art as that of Egypt, for example, has been well known and understood for generations. We may well have been misled in this smug delusion not only by overly frequent picture-books but equally by that ultimate accolade for any body of knowledge—the omnivorous textbook and handbook. Even specialized scholars, upon whose valuable contributions we depend, have left fundamental questions of interpretation unasked. We may all profit from Mrs. Frankfort's caution that "familiarity may breed contempt; it may do worse: it may dull our capacity for wonder." In this motto lies the key to "Arrest and Movement." With a battery of sound scholarship, energetic imagination, and creative intuitions, the art of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Crete have been reinvestigated, new questions raised and brilliantly answered in a stimulating and profound synthesis.

The interweaving of esthetic and historical considerations is pleasantly

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Harry Bober is assistant professor of fine arts at Harvard University.

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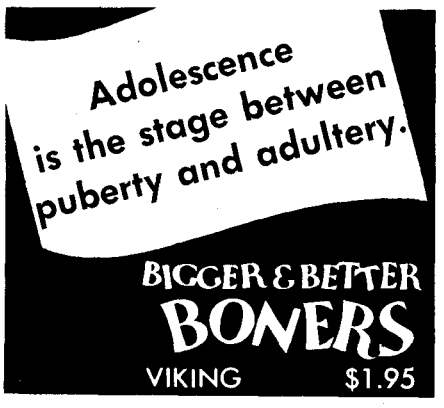
reminiscent of Huizinga's classic "Waning of the Middle Ages." To suggest that in "Arrest and Movement" the art of Egypt forms a kind of *Largo*, Mesopotamia an *Allegro con brio*, and Crete a playful *Andante* (perhaps *cantabile*), is only to respond to its broadly evocative tone, not lost in, but supported by, scholarly detail. But analogy is even less happy than paraphrase; the latter, at best, is only a milder form of injustice to the original.

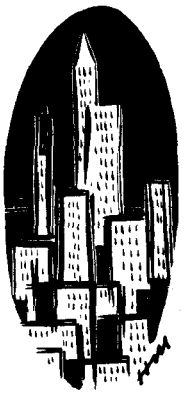
The basic problem which is at the heart of this study is the investigation of "eccentricities of spatial rendering" in early Near Eastern art. Its exposition proceeds from the more explicit technical and formal levels to a consideration of the broader cultural implications which are in turn tested against available historical evidence. We can but hint at the conclusions which this method discovers and confirms. They are sometimes radical, sometimes delicately subtle revisions.

The older picture of Egyptian tomb art suggests a quiet but very busy place, teeming with a kind of ectoplasmic and eternal after-life which the deceased shares, after the pattern of his earthly sojourn. But Mrs. Frankfort's study makes it quite convincing that the funerary art shows neither narrative scenes, specific events, activities, or objects. They are, instead, typical and timeless, static and "elaborate pictographic conceits" excerpted from their original context. As such they would hardly lend themselves to "functional" participation by the deceased. In fact his image must be interpreted as *watching* and in no wise acting or doing. He is simultaneously present together with the scenes and objects, and the beneficiary of such pictorial furniture—"vague but potent" ciphers in the "night side of existence." In Crete alone "the human bid for timelessness was disregarded in the most complete acceptance of the grace of life the world has ever known."



Art Book Notes

THE RISE OF THE SKYSCRAPER. By Carl W. Condit. University of Chicago Press. $5. Chicago, remarked the Chicago novelist Henry B. Fuller, "is the only great city in the world to which all its citizens have come for the avowed object of making money." But Chicago, as all architects are well aware, is also the birthplace of modern architecture, the skyscraper having been conceived and perfected in the Loop. Those of us who hope to understand why the skyscraper was born in the Loop rather than in Wall Street will be disappointed in Carl Condit's study, for he makes no attempt to solve this historical riddle; unsure of himself as soon as he wanders away from the problems of engineering, he delivers the astonishing verdict that "the men who made Chicago were builders, inventors, and manufacturers. Their counterparts in the East were financial operators and manipulators." As if P. D. Armour couldn't show a few tricks to Jay Gould himself!



But if P. D. Armour may be writhing in his grave at Graceland at this slight to his prowess in the White Pit, scholars will be properly grateful to Mr. Condit for his unusually careful examination of William Le Baron Jenney, Holabird & Roche, Burnham & Root, Alder & Sullivan, and the other men of mark who made Chicago in the 1880's and 1890's the architectural capital of this world.

Since Mr. Condit is so informative on the engineering problems confronting the pioneers, it is all the more unfortunate that he has not given us a satisfactory resume of the Chicago school, of the men who followed in Sullivan's footsteps. No mention is made of Walter Burley Griffin, and none of Purcell & Elmsli, even though this last rm was marked by its devotion to the Sullivanian tradition. Sullivan, incidentally, is scolded for his joy in ornament, as if ornament were reprehensible, and architecture meant to be the most impersonal of all the arts. —WAYNE ANDREWS.

STEUBEN GLASS. By James S. Plaut. H. Bittner & Co., New York. $10. Although the Corning Glass Company established the Steuben Glass Works in 1903 to produce "art glass," its product was a far cry from Steuben glass as we know it today. Blown, cut, or engraved, it was ponderous, complicated, and in every way lacking in good taste and craftsmanship. In 1933 a new company was formed with Arthur Houghton, Jr., as president. At about the same time a new formula for glass was evolved that produced a crystal glass which did not discolor. Houghton gathered around him a group of talented and experienced men and with this new formula decided that Steuben was to create really artistic glass. The new company drew upon fine artists (Matisse, Eric Gill, Noguchi, and others) and on experienced craftsmen. Its chief designer was Sidney Waugh, a sculptor with a gift for working on glass. The result of this policy was to make the "art glass" produced by Steuben the best glass blown in America.

Steuben glass has reached the stage where it can afford to have a book written about it, and it can list thirty-one major exhibitions in which its glass has appeared as well as eighteen public collections where it is represented.

Steuben glass is blown much as glass was blown centuries ago and even the terms used in the craft have little variation from those of old. The master blower is the "gaffer," a term from the old English "Grandfather." Other workers are the "servitor," the "gatherer," the "stick-up boy," and the "carry-in boy." It is charming to see that the old-time habits and names are unchanged in a day when everything changes.

It is fortunate for the Steuben Company that they have such master-craftsmen as John Jansson, gaffer, and Joseph Libisch, master-engraver. Thes men have a long heritage as artisans in glass, for their fathers were glass-craftsmen before them. Only with such a tradition can fine glass be made.

This is the story told in James S. Plaut's monograph on the glass blown by the Steuben company, and embellished by dozens of large and handsome illustrations. However, in reading this book one gets no sense of what is happening in Europe and would be inclined to suppose that Steuben was the only fine glass being blown. In a recent twentieth-century glass show remarkable examples of European glass were exhibited alongside a large Steuben display. In many cases the exhibits of Steuben were inferior to their Continental counterparts.

It is obvious, when one looks at the many illustrations, that Steuben glass is best where it is plainest. The Agnus Dei vase (1937), designed by Sidney Waugh, is chaste and flawless. A simple cream pitcher and sugar bowl made in 1949 is handsomely designed

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and gracefully blown. I have always liked the Gazelle Bowl, by Sidney Waugh: it is solid, heavy, yet the gazelles give it a feeling of lightness. Works like these are the best of Steuben glass and such work will equal many of the magnificent pieces produced abroad. —RLENE L. HOWELL.

BEAUPORT AT GLOUCESTER. By Samuel Chamberlain and Paul Hollister. Hastings House. $3.75. "All the pleasure which the people of the nineteenth century take in art," confessed John Ruskin, "is in pictures, sculpture, minor objects of virtù, or medieval architecture, which we enjoy under the term picturesque." And there are those in the twentieth century who would flee from the modern world to sigh over the antiques which have survived from the colonial period of American history. Such sentimentalists will no doubt be the first to be impressed with the treasures of "Beauport," the sanctuary at Gloucester of the late Henry Davis Sleeper, who thought that it might be fun "to have a house in which each room could recapture some of the spirit of a specific mood or phase or 'period' of our American life from the time of Plymouth down through the Revolution and the early Republic." But the truth will out, and the historically-minded as well as those who shy from their own times will doubtless find much to amuse and interest them in Mr. Sleeper's castle.

In the forty rooms of Mr. Sleeper's "Beauport" so much has been preserved to remind us of our colonial past that it may be unfortunate that the author of the text has singled out such oddities as the miniature statue of George Washington which once was a working cast-iron stove, or paused too long over the collection of early brown and amber and yellow-golden glass. "There is," he says, "a legend that a lady from San Francisco who fancied such glass once swooned here." And not once but twice.

Mr. Sleeper himself would doubtless feel grateful if the visitors to his museum, now managed by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, remembered that the Society has saved not only "Beauport" but fifty-five other houses dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth century, for the enjoyment of those of us who prize our past. To name the first Harrison Gray Otis house in Boston, or "Gore Place" at Waltham, is to do no more than suggest the admirable effort of the Society to preserve not only museums but actual houses intact.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 941

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

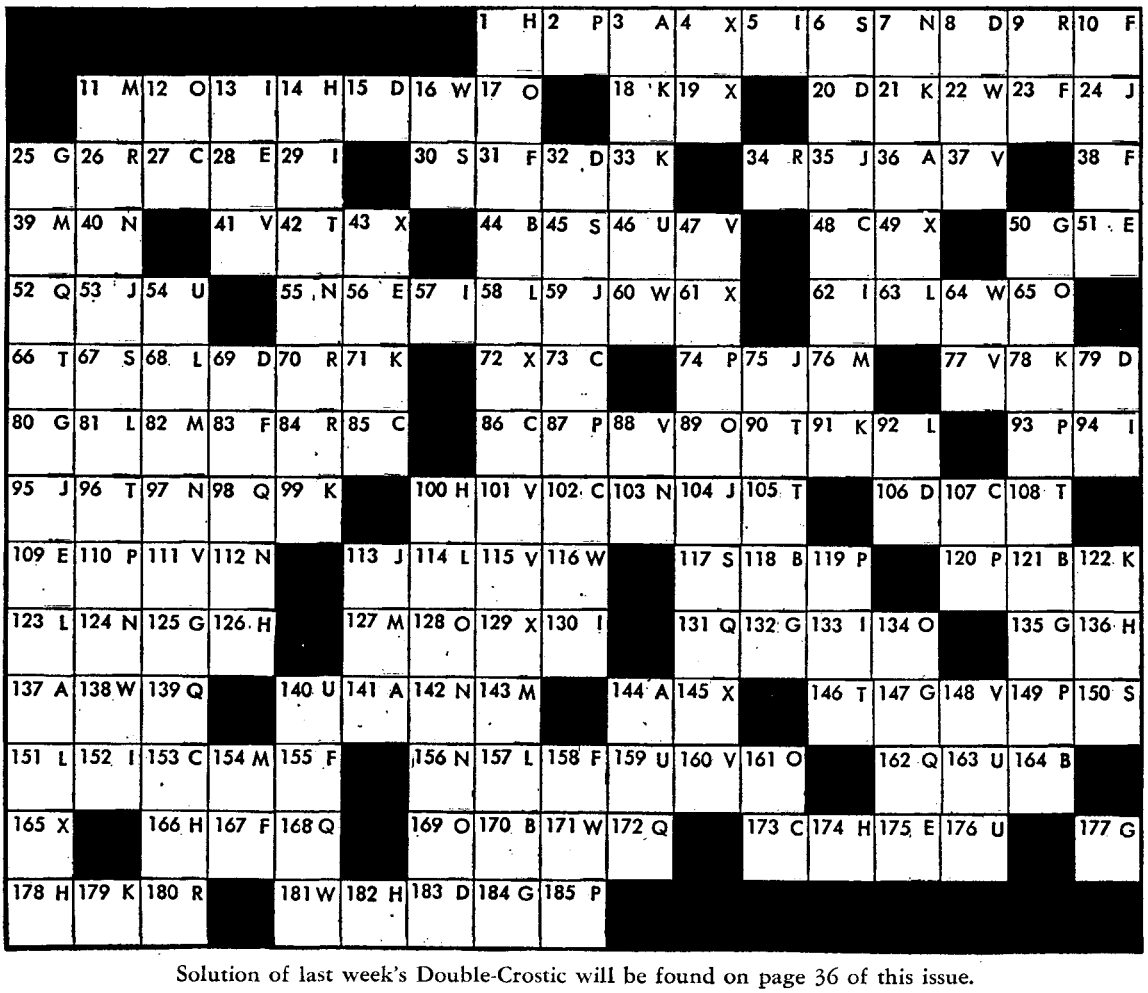
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A fort in San Antonio, Texas, whose remembrance was a favorite slogan of the Mexican War, 1836-48.	3 36 144 137 141
B. "Idylls" by J. M. Barrie, preceded by word "Auld."	170 121 44 118 164
C. Fossorial (zool.).	107 86 173 48 85 153 27 102 73
D. Famous Greek historian (434-355 B. C.).	183 15 20 32 106 8 79 69
E. Money; gold (Eng. slang).	175 109 51 56 28
F. Arguments that deceive, however not intentionally.	23 83 10 31 167 38 158 155
G. Bullies (verb).	177 125 132 135 147 184 25 50 80
H. Domineered over.	178 14 126 1 166 136 174 100 182
I. Recites something, esp. for practice.	152 62 94 130 57 13 133 5 29
J. According to the Book of Mormon, those who led a colony from Jerusalem to the American continent about 600 B. C.	35 59 24 75 53 104 95 113
K. American lexicographer (1784-1865).	33 18 91 122 71 99 179 21 78
L. Those who plead causes, usually of others.	68 58 63 157 114 151 123 92 81

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Dolls, at one time all the vogue, originated and designed by Rose C. O'Neill (1874-1944).	143 154 82 127 39 76 11
N. Administrators of wills (law).	103 40 97 156 124 112 142 55 7
O. Parvenus.	12 169 17 89 128 65 134 161
P. Spotted sandpipers.	120 110 119 74 93 87 2 149 185
Q. Any burglar (slang).	172 52 162 168 131 98 139
R. Esoteric in diction; oracular.	34 84 26 180 9 70
S. Earlier of the two great cycles of Irish heroic legend.	150 67 30 117 45 6
T. Arch tricks.	96 146 66 90 42 108 105
U. The magician among King Arthur's knights.	176 163 54 140 159 46
V. Lack of ability.	148 111 160 88 41 115 77 101 47 37
W. First day of Tishri (Jewish calendar).	116 138 22 16 64 171 60 181
X. A trailing pole pivoted on the rear of a vehicle to prevent backward movement.	4 43 72 129 61 145 165 19 49

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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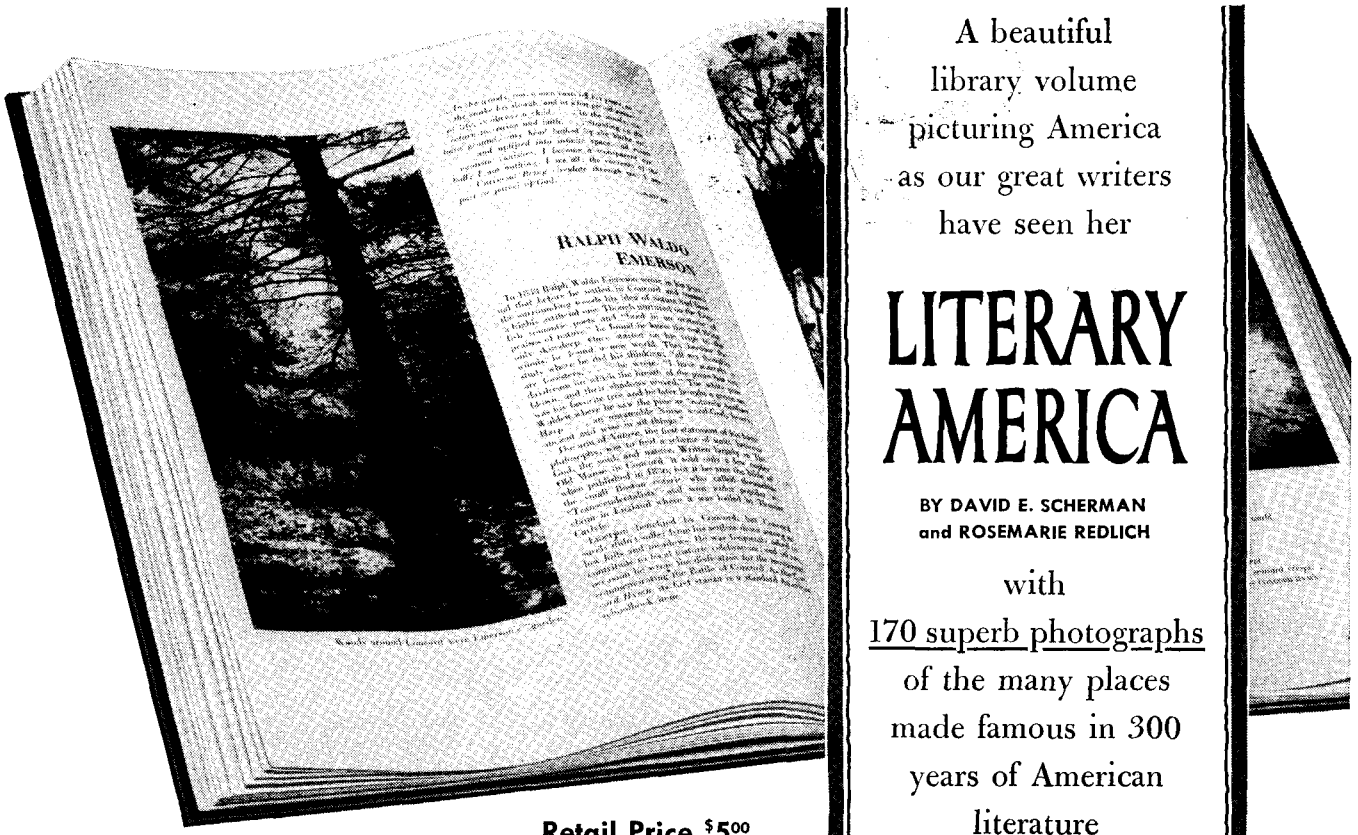

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